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THE

OHIO HUNTER:

OR A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE

FRONTIER LIFE

OF

SAMUEL E. EDWARDS,

THE

Great Bear and Deer Hunter

OF THE

STATE OF OHIO

10.00
OHIO

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Edwards, Samuel E., b. 1810.

The Ohio hunter

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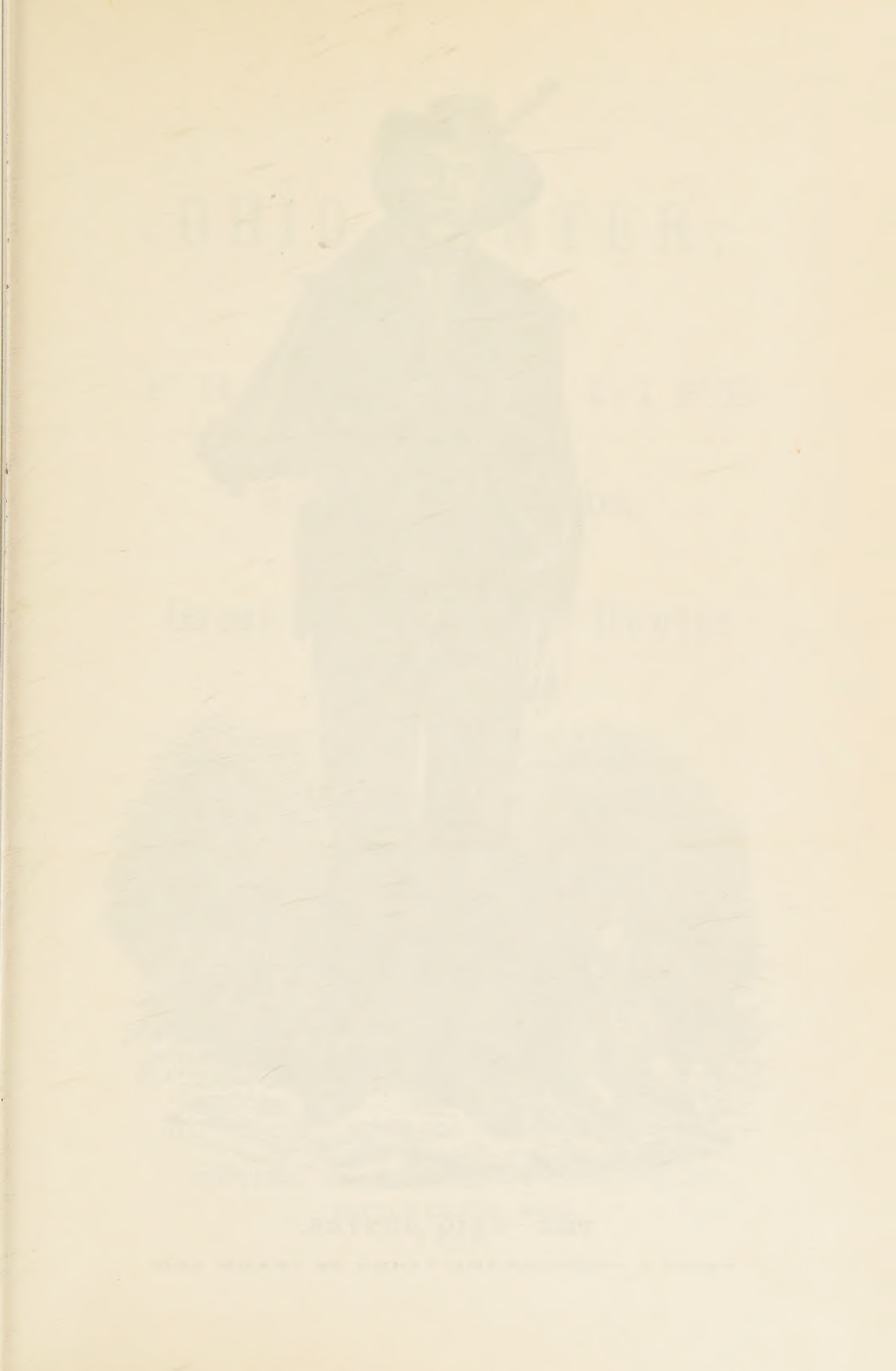

THE "OHIO HUNTER."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN 25 YEARS AGO.

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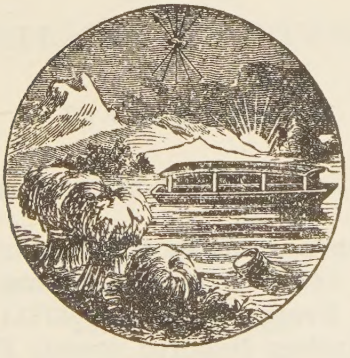

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To

THE CITIZENS OF PIQUAY AND HANCOCK COUNTIES,

STATE OF OHIO,

To

ALL THE PIONEERS
OF THOSE COUNTIES WHO STILL LINGER
ON THE SHORES OF TIME,

To

A LARGE CIRCLE OF ACQUAINTANCES IN THIS STATE,

To

A NUMEROUS CONNECTION OF BLOOD RELATIVES,

AND TO

HIS FRIENDS EVERYWHERE,

IS THIS BOOK

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

HAVING carefully examined the following pages, comprising the hunter life of Mr. Edwards, we most unhesitatingly pronounce it a very interesting Narrative, verging in numerous instances into very romance, and a book which the uninformed Reader may rely upon as being most strictly true to fact.

Hoping for it,—what it really deserves, and doubtless will have,—a generous patronage, we cordially commend this truly characteristic Book to an appreciative and discriminating Public.

PUBLISHERS

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

No doubt an apology will be expected by an exacting and discriminating public, for the presumption of adding "one" to the world of books already written; especially in such an age as this, when our land is teeming with the millions, who from deeds of noble daring and patient suffering, both on the field of battle, and the no less trying conflict between truth and error, justly merit the highest place in the temple of fame.

To such we cheerfully accord the high position; but alongside with the gallant and brave who have so nobly fought, and decisively won, the great battles that should save our country with its fertile soil, and highly-cultivated fields, from the desecrating tread of the usurper, would I claim a place for the humble pioneer, who reduced the immense forests to fruitful gardens, and converted the mighty oaks and hickorys that waved their imperial heads with undisputed dominion above the rich soil that sustained them, into the convenient habitation of men.

But for the men and women whose lives have been spent in privation and toil to render our own loved land the pleasing

landscape we now behold it, thickly dotted with cities and towns,—the land of the brave and the home of the free,—it never would have been worth the blood it cost to save it. It was not our territory that the ever-to-be-honored soldiers shed their blood to save; but our homes—the sanctity of the social compact—these were to be preserved inviolate, even though it cost the blood of millions. And now while I ask for myself an humble place, a simple nook, in the great wide-spreading temple that is towering toward the heavens, having inscribed upon its scroll the names of the illustrious living and dead, from Washington to Lincoln, and many more who are justly entitled to the names of "good," and "great," among such for myself I ask no place, but for my fellow-laborers, who with me have aided in bearing the heat and burden of the day, I ask an honorable place in the records of the past

That any honor or any praise would ever accrue from the publication of such a book as this, never mingled with the motives that prompted to the work. It was first suggested by the oft-recurring request of my children when seated around the fireside, saying, "Father, this is a good time to tell us some stories," and was finally expressed by some of them in a wish that these same stories might be written or printed, that they could be transmitted to a future generation, to show what had been the deeds of some of their ancestry. To gratify this desire of my children's, I first determined to write them, and have published in small pamphlet form, enough so

that my children and immediate connections might have a copy; but the undertaking proved that a rehearsal of the half of them could not be confined to a pamphlet size. I saw, too, that the pages written were rife with instruction, and so determined not only to favor my own family and friends, but also the world at large, with the fruits of my experience in frontier life; not because the events herein narrated were connected with my unimportant self, but because in my own experience you have the experience of thousands, who with me entered the wild woods, and subdued not only the beasts that inhabit them, but the forests themselves, and rendered the vast country over which they held dominion, suitable for the habitation of man.

If this little Work awakens a single emotion of gratitude in the hearts of the young, who will soon enjoy all the fruits of the labor of the pioneer, and if in the hearts of those still living, who with myself have experienced all that these pages describe, there revive pleasing remembrances, the wish of the Author is fully gratified.

S. E. EDWARDS.

Napoleon, Henry Co., Ohio.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Pages 17–27.

Introduction—Birth—Education—Early Life in the City and Country—Jugglery—The Superstitions of the People—Fortune-Telling and Witchcraft a Delusion.

CHAPTER II.

Pages 28–37.

Reach my Sixteenth Year—Return to my Native Place—Work Out as a Month Hand—A Fit of Love—Scared by Wolves—Disappointed—Go Back to Piquay County—Rail-Splitting—Entangled in Love Affairs—A Storm—A Calm—Is Married.

CHAPTER III.

Pages 38–51.

Go to House-Keeping—Move to Hancock, Ohio—Arrested for Debt—Escape from the Constable—Arrive at our New Home—Suffer Many Privations—Attacked by Indians—Beat them Down with Fist and Club, and Escape—Appeal to the Indian Agent.

CHAPTER IV.

Pages 52–60.

Commence a Series of Hunting Excursions—Start out on the Sabbath—The Unfortunate Methodist—Hunting Wild Hogs.

CHAPTER V.

Pages 61–67.

A Lucky Night at Big Creek—A Severe Contest—A Wolf Chase—The Wolf not Dangerous to the Human Species—A Live Wolf Carried Home on the Shoulder.

CHAPTER VI.

Pages 68–75.

Trip to Bucyrus—Walk Forty-Five Miles in a Day—Lose the Trail—An Adventure among the Indians—A Young Squaw Enamored of the Lost Hunter.

CHAPTER VII.

Pages 76–87.

Prepare for Another Hunting Excursion—Game Scarce—The Nearest Hunting Grounds Forty Miles Away—Equip Myself for a Coon Hunt—Gone Thirty Days—Capture Sixty-two Coon—Take another Trip—Kill two Large Bears.

CHAPTER VIII.

Pages 88–100.

An Impudent Deer—A Big Chase after Seven Bears—Catch a Cub—Deceived by Hunters—Fidelity of a Dog—Another Bear Captured—The Habits of Bears.

CHAPTER IX.

Pages 101–108.

A Day among the Lines—Mammoth Fisheries of the Maumee—Go to the Fisheries and Spear a Sturgeon Nine Feet Long—Resort to the Seine—A Strange Kind of Game—Appalling Spectacle—The Mystery Solved.

CHAPTER X.

Pages 109–118.

Go to Ditching on the Wabash Canal—Soon Exchange Canal Digging for Deer Hunting—Catch a Bilious Fever—A Sharp Fight with a Deer in the Water—Treated to a Cold Bath—Fever Leaves—Thoughts on Hydropathy and Ventilation.

CHAPTER XI.

Pages 119–126.

Another Trip to the Swamp to Hunt for Coon—Heavy Snow—Ill Success—Form New Acquaintances—Chase for Deer—Tenacity of Life Evidence of Witchcraft—Great Time Hunting Coon—A Dutchman Initiated—Another Winter's Hunt Planned—Catch all Sorts of Game—A Negro Hunter—Another Trip to the Swamp for Coon—Their Habits—The Woodchuck.

CHAPTER XII.

Pages 127–136.

A Campaign for Coon and Deer—Form a Hunting Co-partnership—Catch a Bear—An African Hunter—A Lucky Shot—Habits of Coon.

CHAPTER XIII.

Pages 137–146.

Another Trip to the Swamp—A Dog Engagement—Kill a Large Catamount—Courage of a Dog—Capture a Bear—Carry a Bear Ten Miles on my Shoulder—Take another Bear—Sell the Bears for Twenty-Five Dollars—This Trip Proves a Damage to my hitherto Strong Constitution.

CHAPTER XIV.

Pages 147–155.

Nine Days' Stay in the Swamp—Unexpected Success in Small Game—Dogs Find a Bee-tree—Chase and Capture of Bear and Cubs—Proceeds of Hunt—Return Home.

CHAPTER XV.

Pages 156–170

Another Cruise for Bears—Take a Young German for Company—Pursue a Bear—Stop for the Night with a Strange Family—Dreadful Fight with a Large She-Bear—Capture her and Three Little Cubs—Take the Cubs Home Alive—Another Bear Chase—Accident to My Comrade—An Awful Night in the Swamp—Vexed and Weary, Return Home Again.

CHAPTER XVI.

Pages 171–180.

Spend the Winter in the Swamp—Take the Dutchman along with Me—Small Gain and Hard Fare—A Day Without Food—Eat some Coon—Fresh Supplies Received—Plenty of Wild Honey—Beraved of My Wife—A Mourning Circle—Start for another Hunt—Novel Method of Determinig a Coon-tree—A House Afloat—Novel Predicament for the Night—Married.

CHAPTER XVII.

Pages 181–184.

Removal from Hancock to Henry Co., Ohio—Settle again in the Woods—Purchase Land on Trust—Build a House—Success in Hunting—Final Capture of Another Old Residenter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Pages 185–191.

Another Bear Chase—Loss of Dogs—Discover Moccasin Tracks—Follow Indian Trail—Come to Indian Tent—Dispute about Game—Recovery of Dog—Indians Give Up—Return Home with Proceeds of Hunt.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pages 191–200.

The Old Residenter of the Black Swamp—Amatuer Sportsmen—Their Fine Dogs and their Confidence in the Same—New Dogs no match for Old Bear—Faithful Prince.

CHAPTER XX.

Pages 201–205.

My Friend Holts and I Go Mink Hunting—Accidentally Discover Bear Tracks—Unexpected Good Fortune—Capture a Bear Worth Sixty Dollrs—Another Lucky Trip—Sit Down and Take Our Dinner While Waiting for The Dogs to Return from a Chase—They Come Pursuing a Monster Two-Year-Old Bear.

CHAPTER XXI.

Pages 206–211.

A Visit to the Northern Indians—Journey there—Engage Board at a Tavern—Landlord Accompanies Us to the Indian Camp—Dinner with the Indians—Landlord's Disgust—Beautiful Country of the Saginaw and Shiawassee Rivers—Heavy Timber—Rich Soil—Manner of Living—Roast Porcupine and Coon—Trade with the Indians—Return Home—Last Hunt in 1866.

CHAPTER XXII.

Pages 212–217.

Advice to Young Hunters—Mode of Attacking the

Deer—The Hunting Season—A Love of Adventure—Hunting as a Pastime—A Caution.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Pages 217–222.

Sketch of the Maumee Valley—A Contrast—The Rise and Progress of Industrial Enterprise in the State—Description of Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio—A Blight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Pages 222–224.

Misfortune Attends us—Burning of House and all our Effects—We are left Shelterless in Mid-Winter—Almost Disheartened—Kindness of Friends—A Tribute of Thanks.

CHAPTER XXV.

Pages 225–229.

An Evil Habit—How I Overcame it—The Use of Tobacco a Sin Against Nature—Its Effects Physiologically Considered.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Pages 230–234.

Embrace the Doctrine of Spiritualism—Find Myself to be a Medium—Possessed of the Spirit of Samson—Powerful Manifestations—Become a Writing Medium—Become Disgusted with the Spirits.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Pages 235–240.

Christian Experience—Unite with the Campbellites—Meet with Opposition—Peace Restored.

THE HUNTER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—BIRTH—EDUCATION—EARLY LIFE IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY—JUGGLERY—THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PEOPLE—FORTUNE-TELLING AND WITCHCRAFT A DELUSION.

IT may appear a bold enterprise for a modest man to attempt to write his own history, to give an impartial coloring to his vices and virtues with his own hand, to bring himself before the world in the character of a hero while still living, and liable from the fallibility of human nature to commit new errors, and exhibit new weaknesses that shall contradict past deeds;—whereas the man who leaves so important a matter to the dictation of friends, years after he and his follies have been laid in the grave, leaves to them a much less difficult task to perform than he imposes upon himself when undertaking the same important duty. Whether I shall prove to be a hero or not, remains for the sequel of my story to show.

I was the fifth of eight children, and my parents were of the plebeian order. I gave very early evidence of unusual precocity, and aged granddames would shake their heads wisely and say, "He is a remarkable child." My mother was very early impressed with the truth of this sentiment, and to her dying day I believe she never found out to the contrary. Whether or not I have fulfilled the promise of my childhood, I shall leave the reader to determine.

I was born in the county of Armstrong, State of Pennsylvania, March 22, 1810. My mother was of Irish and German extraction, my father, Welsh; and if in my nature were not united the wit of the Irish, the sagacity of the Germans, and the eloquence of the Welsh, I at least inherited a respectable share of the love of the marvelous in the one, and adventurous in the other. The substratum of my education was formed from legendary tales of ghosts and witches, of which in that early day there was no scarcity; and although I became very skeptical in regard to the truth of them when very young, yet nevertheless, I never wearied of listening to them, and I believe the people of that day never did of telling them. Mother Goose, was also an important auxillary in the education of the young, and her influence upon my character was not trifling; and although I always doubted the authority of her stories, they were nevertheless interesting, and to my ardent nature,

BOYHOOD DAYS.

much more attractive than the dull A, B, C, stories of this kind. I formed a very early abhorrence for such common-place things as books and school, and usually played the truant while my anxious mother was exhausting her limited resources in securing for her children the advantages of an education. I grew to be a man entirely unacquainted with such persons as Cobb and Noah Webster.

My earliest recollections are associated with mountains and hills. I early learned to love the rugged cliff and stupenduous rock, and used to cause my anxious mother many a search for one who was never more at home than when driving the moles and the bats to their inscrutable hiding places. To this circumstance, perhaps more than to any other, is attributable the love of the wild and romantic, which has characterized all of my later life.

In 1812, my father moved to Washington County, Ohio, and three years later, my mother, with seven dependent children, was left a widow. Soon after my father's death, my mother left our rural home and moved into the city of Cincinnati. The great difference in scenery and influences between life in that metropolis and our quiet country home, was not without its effect upon the habits of boys whose plastic characters were yet to be formed, and who were at this tender age unguarded by a father's care. True, of all that

maternal watchcare could do, nothing was left undone for us; but a mother with all her tender solicitude for her children, cannot guard all the haunts of vice, or shield them from their polluting influences. The dimes and half dimes that I could make by doing errands for rich people, were quite a source of profit to my mother, and I was therefore left free at will to spend my time in the street, where such opportunities of making money were most frequent.

The lessons usually taught in the streets, either of our large cities or small villages, are not very moral in their nature, and this instance proved no exception to the general rule. If there is a place more wicked than all the rest, or one that affords greater facilities for gaining instruction in all that is vicious, that place will not long escape the detection of the wide-awake youth who is in pursuit of no better knowledge. In Cincinnati I learned many tricks, and some sleight-of-hand performances, that were destined to make me, if not popular, at least distinguished, in the neighborhood in which I afterward lived.

When twelve years old, my mother moved to Piquay County, in the same State. The people in the immediate neighborhood in which we lived, were mostly Pennsylvania Dutch, and were very ignorant in regard to many of the cunning arts with which we had become familiar while living in the city; and although I could neither read nor

write at that age, I was very intelligent in regard to all kinds of witch stories, and the exercise of many a cunning craft. With the assistance of my brother, who was two years younger than myself, many strange feats were accomplished which the people there called witchcraft, and the title of "little witches," so often applied to mischievous children, was no meaningless phrase when spoken of us. The people there were much more practical believers in witches than they were in their Bibles, and the performance of two or three feats of skill, which in their ignorance they could not fully comprehend, was sufficient to confirm their worst apprehensions that "the gods are come down unto us." Whilst boys, in the streets of Cincinnati, we had practiced throwing stones, until we could, with almost certain success, bring a squirrel or bird from the top of the tallest trees. By a little maneuvering on our part, we could conceal the missile sent, and make the credulous observers believe that the birds and the beasts were subject unto us, and that by only a wave of the hand we could bring them dead at our feet.

On one occasion my brother told some boys that this was nothing to what we could do,—that we could turn ourselves into deer if we tried, and run by them with such swiftness that they could not touch us. They had already seen enough to convince them that "nothing would be impossible;" but some would rather see than hear; for

others, to simply hear was enough; and with true deference to their fears, they dreaded to witness any more displays of our skill.

One day we were attending a vendue, and about twenty people offered us a dollar apiece if we would turn ourselves into deer. We did not like to tell them we could not, so my brother replied, "if they would wait there until we went into the woods and performed the necessary rite," we would do so. We started for home, designing to leave the deluded people to watch until their appetites, that faithful monitor to all, should remind them they had better go, too. But fortune smiled propitiously upon us once, and sent a tame deer, pursued by dogs, flying past them, and there was not known to be a deer in all the country. This confirmed their worst superstitions and belief that we were real witches, and it was circulated far and wide what wonderful exploits we had performed; —that the lives of the birds and squirrels were in our hands; that we had turned ourselves into deer, and flew past them with the lightness of an evil spirit; that they had seen it all with their own eyes, and what their ears had heard, and their eyes beheld, there was no use of disputing.

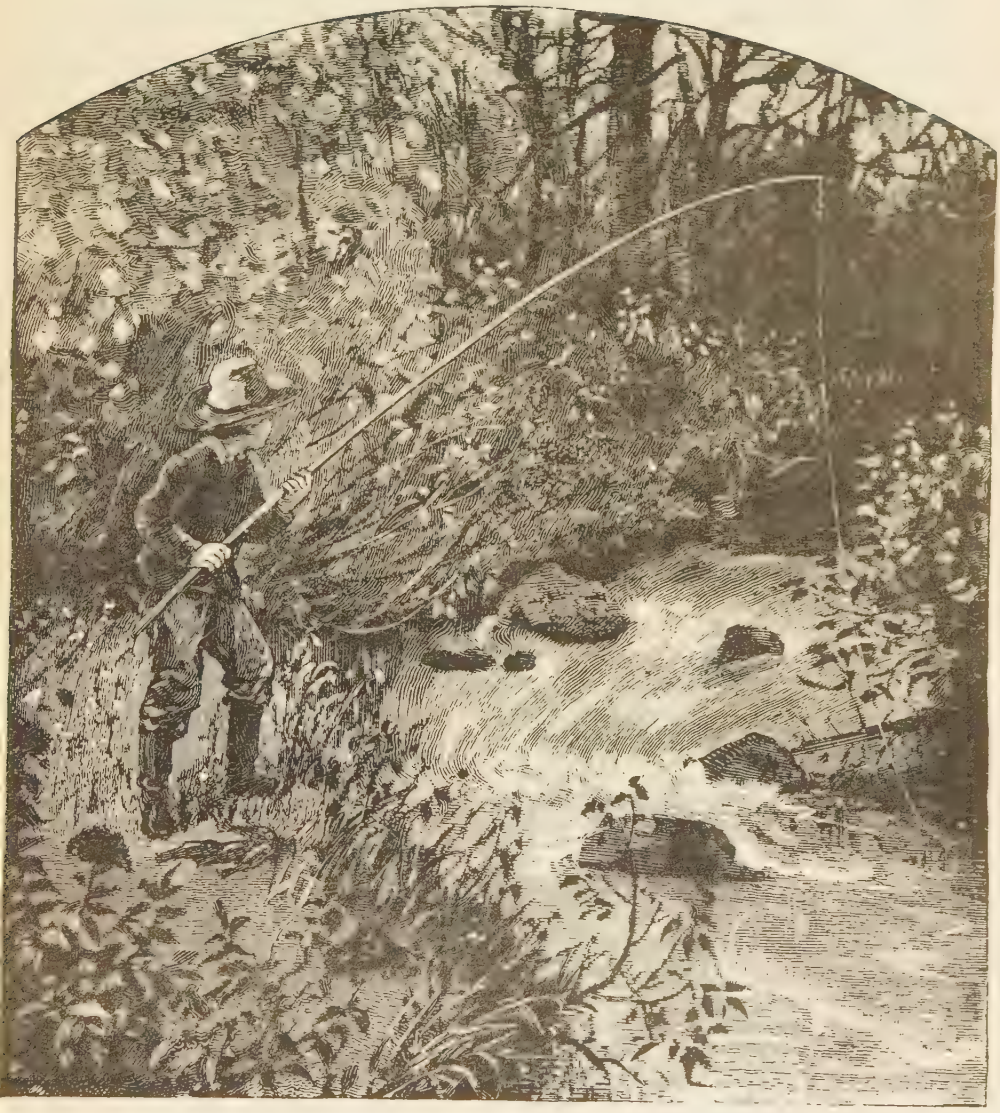
So generally were these statements believed, and so strong was their faith, or rather, I should say, deep was their ignorance, that one day a gentleman called upon my mother to hire one of her boys to drive away the birds and squirrels

that were doing serious damage to his cornfields. My mother told him that we could do nothing more than any other boys, but he would not believe her, and insisted on our services. He had come fifteen miles, and did not like to be refused, but my mother would not let us go, and he was obliged to return home alone, evidently very much disappointed.

At another time, as we were going along the public high way, our attention was attracted by two persons in a field close by the roadside, pulling the wool from a dead sheep. My brother inquired what they were doing that for. They answered, they wished to save the wool. I told them they had better stop or I would make it rise up and bite them. The fence corner in which it lay was hedged with thick grass, and underneath the grass was a long pole, one end of which was under the sheep, and the other protruded through the fence. I put my foot upon the pole, and the dead sheep began to tremble and rise toward them. They no sooner saw this spiritual manifestation than they ran for the house, and in breathless terror told their parents what had happened. The old people, with marvelous courage, came out determined to kill us if they saw us; but we had found a retreat behind a large tree, and they were too fearful to carry their investigation further than the door-yard. Thus we escaped observation, and the old people retired to their mud

domicil, more fully persuaded than ever, that the days of witchcraft were not ended, and that we were the veritable witches of Endor, or some other place, with power to make ourselves visible or invisible.

The reader can judge from what I have already told, that religious meetings were unknown in those parts, for such ignorance cannot exist where the light of the Gospel has ever shone; and had it ever been faithfully proclaimed to this deluded people, it would not have been long before their darkened understandings would have been enlightened, and such gross errors would not have escaped detection. But at this time, there was no such thing as meetings; but the young people, true to their social instinct, congregated together on the Sabbath-day, at different places and for different purposes. Hunting, fishing, and playing ball, were among the principal amusements; and it was for this purpose that quite a number were assembled one Sunday, when my brother and myself suddenly appeared in their midst, with our arms full of squirrels which we had caught by means of finger-stones cast into the tree tops, as we were on our way to that place. There were no marks upon the animals, and it appeared very strange how we had caught so many. On being questioned in regard to the facts, we told them we charmed them; they then immediately wanted to see how the mysterious work was accomplished.



BOY'S PASTIME.

Before reaching the company, we had propped up one on a log, and left it; when asked for a proof of our skill, I pointed to the squirrel thus left behind, and told my brother to stop it quick. He immediately commenced crossing himself, and making strange motions, and the squirrel, from want of power to do otherwise, stood perfectly still. I walked deliberately to the spot, knocked it down, and carried it to the company stone dead.

I cannot describe to my readers the astonishment manifested by the entire company, all of whom were many years our seniors. By this apparently miraculous manifestation of power, we confirmed their worst suspicions in regard to us; we also told them we could even put our fingers in the mouths of live squirrels, and they would not bite us. We had caught one alive, and George, for that was my brother's name, seizing it carefully by the throat, put his fingers in its mouth allowing them to remain there sometime unharmed,—then releasing his grasp about the throat, bade one of his companions to try the same trick. One of the most credulous did so, and as the result, was soon beseeching the "witches" to assuage the pain!

Thus the reader can see how ignorance paves the way for superstition, and exposes the person to impositions and inconveniences, to which the truly enlightened are never subjected. But superstition is not confined to that class of people I

have just described, alone. How many of our would-be-thought intelligent people, will spend their last quarter of a dollar to see a man swallow a sword, or pluck large Neshanic potatoes from some respectable citizen's hat, or smash to pieces his elegant gold watch, that they may display their wonderful powers of jugglery; and how many anxious young ladies will give some wandering gipsy an entire week's wages, to inform them whether their future husband's eyes are black, or blue, or their present suitor's intentions are sincere; and if their present leap-year enterprise will prove successful, or if they will have to wait four years longer. And after all these questions have been answered satisfactorily, how cheerfully they labor to replace the missing dollar, saying "they do not begrudge it at all, for she told them just the truth, and they wouldn't miss knowing it for twice what it cost."

Now these fortune-tellers know much better than those who hear them, that there is not a word of truth in all they say; and if it chances to happen according to their prediction, it is not in consequence of anything they have said; and though we may regard *them* as foolish about everything else but fortune-telling, they know that on that subject *we are.*

While there lingers in our minds one shadow of belief in regard to the superhuman endowment of some of our fellow beings, the belief that our

heavenly Father, through such agencies as table-tipping, mysterious writing, wandering gipsies, or any other supernatural means, condescends to make revelations to the world, not contained in his Holy Word, or communicated by his Divine Spirit in the still small voice, let us remember there is still some dark corner unenlightened; for it is virtually saying and believing that since the Alpha and Omega said, "It is finished," he has thought of something more to say, and concluded to adopt a more convenient mode of communication.

CHAPTER II.

REACH MY SIXTEENTH YEAR—RETURN TO MY NATIVE PLACE—WORK OUT AS A MONTH HAND—A FIT OF LOVE—SCARED BY WOLVES—DISAPPOINTED—GO BACK TO PIQUAY COUNTY—RAIL-SPLITTING—ENTANGLED IN LOVE AFFAIRS—A STORM—A CALM—IS MARRIED.

THUS far in my life I had never been confined to hard labor. Had this been otherwise, most of the useless transactions before narrated would never have been perpetrated; for idleness is the fostering parent of many vices. But at the age of fifteen I returned to my native County, and commenced laboring by the month. My first engagement was with a widow lady, whose family consisted of one son, two daughters, young ladies, and a boarder. They were very respectable people, and I was well pleased with my home, until caught in some of my old pranks. I took advantage of the power of rendering myself invisible shortly after. However I afterward obtained forgiveness for my rashness and was re-instated in the family.

There is but little of interest connected with my history for the succeeding three years, for they were spent in hard labor on a farm; and those who have served in the capacity of a hired

servant for that period of time know better than I can tell them of its monotony.

When eighteen, that strange fascination which is within the power of the other sex alone to exert over the hearts of men, and which has not unfrequently affected stronger minds than mine, commenced working a more powerful charm over me than I had ever exerted over bird or beast; and with weapons more destructive to peace than any I had ever hurled at the lives of the latter, I found my heart assailed by a certain mysterious deity, whom I have since been taught to venerate as the god of love, or as more commonly designated, Cupid. Yes, I was in love; or, I believed myself so, though I afterward found I had been mistaken. I had paid the dear Annie Maria two or three unceremonious visits, and on this eventful Saturday evening set out to make another of the same kind. Had I more thoughtfully informed her of the day and hour she might expect me, this great shipwreck of human happiness might not have come so suddenly. But she was not expecting me in the least at that time, and perhaps I ought to forgive her, since many others have done the same. But there she sat in front of the fireplace, with David Billings close beside her! I stood for a moment all bewildered,—my heart for the first time began to palpitate,—what should I do! I determined to let her know I had seen them. I rallied strength, and with a bold tread I entered.

My appearance caused some confusion and extra blushes, but I was determined to show them how little I cared, and think I could have succeeded tolerably well but for a sudden huskiness in the throat, which rendered my speech quite inarticulate. I made my visit short, and with a cool "good evening," I departed. I went about a mile, when I came to the place where the roads crossed; here I sat down by the wayside to watch the time my successful rival should leave, with no other companion than my dog and my own unpleasant reflections. Not long after this the gentleman before mentioned passed by me, and I then proceeded on my solitary way. I had only reached the foot of a large hill that lay in my road, when I was alarmed by the loud barking of a pack of wolves. My knees began to tremble and my hair to rise on my head; not knowing then as well as I have since learned, that they would not hurt me;—for mingled with the ghost and witch stories, I had heard much of the ferocity of bears, wolves and panthers, and supposed they were really the same blood-thirsty, ferocious beasts they had been represented.

True they are blood-thirsty, but it is not the blood of the human species they thirst for. Our all-wise Creator has so ordered it that they are much more afraid of a human being than the most timid child possibly can be of the bear;—otherwise the great forest of America never could

have been rendered habitable for man, without a great destruction of human life. But the loss of life by such agencies as these is much less than are the traditions respecting them. It is only in defense of its young, or when rendered frantic by fright or extreme starvation, that any of the animals of America will molest the human species.

On the occasion before mentioned the sound approached nearer and still nearer,—my affright became more and more terrible, till I was on the point of lying down in submission to my fate, when we came upon a flock of sheep, and myself and dog were no longer an object of pursuit. I then proceeded at rather more than a usual pace toward home. I reached my mother's gate just before my strength failed, and upon entering the house was immediately questioned as to what was the matter. I answered, "Nothing." My mother replied, "I know better, for you have been running." I then told her I had been out hunting, and the wolves got after me. But with woman's intuitiveness she readily guessed the truth, and said I had been to see Annie Maria, and she hoped the wolves would get me if I didn't stay away. I felt that I was now really forsaken,—disappointed in love,—my life hunted by wolves, and my own mother refusing sympathy.

Not many days after this tragical event, the aforesaid Annie Maria came to visit my sister. She told her the story of her wrongs, and got her

to see that a proper explanation was made. A favorable opportunity for talking the matter over was arranged by my sister, and soon an amicable adjustment of matters was made, and I continued to travel the old wolf road for several months. But like many young suitors, I favored a monopoly of attentions, and she concluded I was a little jealous-hearted, and so future services were dispensed with.

In 1829 I returned to Piquay County among the Dutch, with whom I always liked to live; for if they were a little too credulous in their views of the marvelous, they were nevertheless an honest, upright, hard-working people. I had by this time become accustomed to hard labor, and found it much the surest means of making a living. I commenced taking large jobs of rail-splitting and cord-wood chopping, at either of which I could hardly be excelled.

I was of robust constitution, with large bodily frame; my hight being six feet, with long legs, and amply developed hands and feet, large muscles and strong nerves, with no unnecessary flesh; commonly weighing from one hundred and seventy-five to one hundred and eighty pounds. I had never been sick a day in my life, and, always accustomed to healthful exercise, either from active sports, or hard labor in the open air, I had developed an ample chest, and immense muscular strength, so that I was admirably fitted for the

kind of business in which I was now engaged. I could easily split eight hundred rails, or cut six cords of wood in a day. To the truth of this statement I expect many who read this book can testify.

So far in my life my habits of industry had only been fitful and alternated with fishing excursions, hunting scenes, and the practice of the various arts I had learned when a boy; and my reputation for industry and integrity was far from being fully established. This I learned to my great dismay when not long after having become greatly charmed with a beautiful Dutch girl whose parents were rich, and having won her affections and the promise of her hand in marriage, I quite confidently solicited the old gentleman's approval of our union. I was considerably humiliated when he replied that he would never trust his daughter's happiness with one who with a dog and gun could spend half his time in the woods. I must first learn to be industrious before I could have one of his girls. This was the most practical lesson I had ever learned. I determined immediately never to be refused for that same reason again. I concluded it would be easier to establish a good reputation where I was not known, and accordingly started for new quarters. I went about ten miles and hired out to another Dutchman. He had a daughter seventeen years old to whom I soon became engaged also. I worked early and

late, and in the course of a month or two, thought I had sufficiently won the old gentleman's confidence to justify me in making the great and important desire of my heart known; and with the almost perfect assurance too, that he would favor my suit, and that I should eventually become the proud possessor of his daughter's hand. But I was again destined to see the fondest hopes of a lifetime withered in an hour, and the cup of happiness rudely dashed from my lips by that ruthless word—no. Oh, fate inexorable! why was I doomed to suffer all this? What had I done that I must ever meet with disappointment? But I soon found that it was not so much on account of what I had done as what I had not. Yes, here was a little balm for the bleeding wound: I could stay and work one year, and if in all that time I proved really honest and industrious, and one likely to make for his daughter a good living, I could have her. So Jacob-like I toiled on, nor thought the time long.

But my affections were not altogether as constant at that age as they should have been; and the sight of a pretty face usually disconcerted me considerably. Well it so happened there lived another farmer not far from there, who had a daughter with features comely and countenance fair. My peace of mind was considerably disturbed by this knowledge, coming to me as it did through the sense of vision. True my Mary was all that heart could wish; but possibly my atten-

tions might not be disagreeable to the beautiful Kate. I determined at least to form her acquaintance, and perhaps she too might yet learn to love me as well as Mary, and if I were so blessed by the affections of one true heart I should be doubly so when I had won another. This was all very pleasant to think about, but I found the execution of my blissful dream afforded far less delight. It required considerable financeering to lay a plan whereby I might avoid detection; for my presence at home on Sabbath evening was expected as a matter of course, and there was no other evening in the week when I could reasonably hope to meet with a favorable reception at the other place. I could endure this uncertainty no longer. So one Sabbath afternoon I went to a singing-school a few miles distant, and after its close, instead of returning home, I went as far in the other direction. I found the fair-faced Kate looking just her sweetest, her hair lying in beautiful waves above a square forehead, and her dimpled cheeks and ruby lips wreathed in such bewitching smiles. Mary had suddenly lost all the charms that had so captivated my heart, and she now appeared so plain and ordinary that I pitied her. I could no longer love her,—oh, impossible. The love of Kate was now the all-absorbing passion. I soon found that my presence was in no wise embarrassing, and spent the evening very agreeably, chatting alternately with the old folks and Kate. The evening wore

slowly away and the old people retired for the night. I remained until a late hour and when at length I endeavored to take my departure I met with a somewhat serious obstacle, in the shape of a large cross dog that would not permit me to retire until he had set his teeth firmly in the leg of my pantaloons, and left a very visible mark of his displeasure by a large right-angled rent. I said nothing about the deeper impressions he made. On returning home I was immediately questioned in regard to my absence, also to the rent in my pantaloons. I replied that coming home I had treed a coon, and with a strange dog that had followed me I had stayed in the woods all night to watch it, and just before I started for home the treacherous dog had tried to bite me, and finished the sentence by saying, "So much for trusting strange dogs. It is best with dogs as with people to prove them before trusting them too far." I soon saw that this statement was fully believed and thought I was getting out of the difficulty very nicely for two or three days; but then as if to verify the old maxim "Murder will out," the fatal secret I had so carefully guarded was most unfortunately revealed. I was working in the field with my intended wife's two brothers, when suddenly Kate's rueful little brother came where we were at work. The first word he said was, "Sam, how is your leg where Nero bit it?" I motioned him to be silent; but the more anxiously I beckoned him to silence,

a great deal more he proclaimed it aloud, saying, "Oh you need n't stand there shaking your head at me for I'll be darned if you was n't over to our house and staid with our Kate all night." One of the boys found it necessary to go to the house soon after this information had been communicated, and the whole family were soon in possession of this valuable intelligence. At dinner I was not long in discovering that a storm was gathering in our domestic horizon, and it was soon broken in thundering accents on my head by the old gentleman, who commenced by saying, "You petter pe leaving here you d—n rascal if dat ish de way you do. I finds you out now, you no marry my gal, you black divil you." The storm continued with little abatement for several minutes, the lightning flashing vividly from all eyes, and the thunder echoing from the hoarse notes of the enraged father. But as there is usually a calm after a storm there happened to be one in this case. The outraged parents were not opposed to a reconciliation, and the faithful Mary was willing to listen to any palliation of the crime, and as such commotions are usually followed by powerful reactions, so it was not long before our wedding day was set, and the ceremonies solemnized with a father's benignant smile resting fully upon us; and the following was recorded in the great family Bible: Married, Samuel Edwards and Mary Altman, September 22, 1832.

CHAPTER III.

GO TO HOUSE-KEEPING—MOVE TO HANCOCK, OHIO—ARRESTED FOR DEBT—ESCAPE FROM THE CONSTABLE—ARRIVE AT OUR NEW HOME—SUFFER MANY PRIVATIONS—ATTACKED BY INDIANS—BEAT THEM DOWN WITH FIST AND CLUB, AND ESCAPE—APPEAL TO THE INDIAN AGENT.

AT this time, I possessed nothing of this world's goods but my clothes, and my wife received little else from her home. We went to house-keeping as best we could. In the year 1833 a new entry was made in the Family Record, and a son was christened George. In the same year my father-in-law moved from Piquay County, Ohio, to Hancock County, in the same State.

At this time, my father-in-law was greatly reduced in property to what he had once been, owing to unsteady habits, and the manner of life we had been leading. I had been engaged with him in horse-racing, horse-trading, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting. In the two former, I was usually unfortunate; but with the latter, most generally successful.

I undertook to go with my father-in-law to his home in the West, but just as I was starting, was arrested for the non-payment of the sum of ten dollars, which at that time it would have been

EARLY DAYS OF OHIO.

impossible for me to pay. When brought before the magistrate, I dodged the constable, giving leg bail for my appearance at court. I had to run through the town of Circleville, and then nearly a mile across the commons. The further the chase was pursued the further in the rear I left my pursuers, until at length they were lost sight of by me entirely. It was now dark, but I traveled nearly all night, for my father-in-law, with my wife and child, had started early the previous morning. A short time before day-light I lay down in the woods and tried to sleep a little. I had reached the tow-path near Columbus. I thought now I was safe. The moon shone dimly, and I saw two men approaching, they discovered me and said, Is this Mr. Edwards? I made no reply, but jumped over a fence into a cornfield, closely followed by my pursuers. My long legs were of excellent service, and again defeated the vigilence of the law. The next day I overtook the teams, and obtained something to eat. While resting a little and conversing with my wife, I saw the constable and two men approaching. I jumped again into a field of deep ploughed ground, and ran about eighty rods. The men dismounted and followed me, but they were not quite my equals for getting over ploughed ground, and then coming to a thick woods, I evaded their most diligent search.

The next day I again overtook the wagons and

obtained fresh supplies of the needful. We then proceeded together unmolested to the new country for which we had started. The constable gave up the chase, and we had nothing eventful to encounter until after our arrival in the wild woods. To those who have never had any similar experience, it will be impossible for me to describe the hardships and toils, the privations and sufferings of a pioneer life. To go into a dense forest and obtain the subsistence necessary for the support of a family, with no dependence but your dog and gun, and then be confined to only such fare as you can by this means secure, to live with only the stalwart oak to gaze upon, and only the fierce barking of the wolves, or piteous moan of the panther to echo back your murmurings of discontent. But many a one who reads this book, can draw from actual experience a more truthful picture in their own remembrance than I can delineate with pen, else all these fruitful fields and pleasant landscapes would not be thus charmingly spread out before us. Coming generations can have but faint conceptions of what their forefathers have endured that they might live in the enjoyment of ease and plenty. But many more besides myself, have experienced all these things, and rather than repine that I have been one of their number, it is now my proudest boast that I have lived and suffered with them, and were I still young, I could ask no happier lot than to

penetrate our western wilds further than human feet have ever yet trod, and there with my faithful dog and gun, with ax and maul, to subdue the forest, and render it suitable for the abode of civilized man, and in the great school of nature, to learn the duty His creatures owe to their beneficent Author.

I discovered soon after my arrival in the woods, that there was nothing I could do during the winter that would maintain my family. So I returned to Piquay County to work at day labor during the winter. The distance to be traveled was one hundred and twenty-five miles. I started on foot, with only a little provision in a basket, which I carried on my arm, and not a dollar in my pocket. Wherever night overtook me, I built a fire and lay down and slept until morning. The third night I reached my mother's house, quite glad to get back once more into a land where there was bread enough and to spare. I was not yet quite prepared to meet the constable; but my mother saved me all future trouble by paying the debt, the generous creditor assuming the cost himself. The next day I went to town, met the constable who took my hand good naturedly, and said that he never was outrun before.

I worked hard until I had paid the ten dollars to my mother, and saved a little besides. I then returned to my family. I found them well, but in very destitute circumstances; provisions were

very scarce, and my father-in-law said he could not keep them any longer. I took my wife and little boy and went to my brother's. He furnished us a bed, and we furnished our own board. I had a cow that supplied us with milk whenever we were so fortunate as to find her; but in the great wilderness which the larger part of Hancock County then was, it was very easy for her to bid defiance to all pursuit. Having been absent on one occasion rather longer than usual, I started with my dog in pursuit of her. Not being accustomed to the great forests of the West, that seemed in their nature, interminable, I lost my way and traveled all day without knowing whither I was going, or whether I was every moment drawing nearer to, or receding from, my home. But night at last overtook me, buried deep in the forest. With my flint and pocket knife, I started a fire, and was about camping for the night when a turkey flew upon her roost at no great distance. It was turkey or no supper. I had a famous gun that from the havoc it had made among beasts and fowls, had received the distinguishing appellative of "killall." Killall was leveled straight at her head, and with that precision and skill that seldom failed me, the turkey was soon lying dead at my feet. This splendid bird, upon examination, proved to have been worthy of a better roasting than it that night received; it would have been dainty meat for wedding guests, but it was

that night substantial food for a weary hunter. As soon as the savory odors of the roasting turkey were carried out upon the breeze, the wolves commenced barking ferociously. They came close enough for me to see them, and then old killall answered their rude call, and stopped all further interference on their part.

The next morning, having breakfasted on roast turkey, I set out once more for home. I at length came to a small clearing where a new house had just been built. I went to the house, found a woman and two small children. They appeared very much frightened as I entered and inquired who lived there. She told me their name was Peterson. I inquired for her husband. She told me he had gone back to the place they came from for another load of goods. I then asked her if she could tell what direction from there Fort Findlay was. She could tell only by pointing toward it, which was northwest. She then asked me where I lived, and I told her in Jackson Township. She said they lived in the same Township. I inquired the section, she said she did not know. I asked to see their deed, and from that learned that their land was in section thirty-one, and I lived in section ten, which lay four miles apart. The hospitable woman gave me some dinner, and I started for home, and reached there just as the shades of twilight were deepening. I found that my protracted stay was creating a

great deal of excitement, and no small anxiety at home, and a search was about to be instituted for my recovery.

This was late in the winter, and provisions were becoming extremely scarce. One morning at breakfast my wife told me there was no more bread-stuff in the house, and she guessed that now we should have to starve. I pointed to old killall and told her not while that friend proved faithful. A few days previous to this there had been a load of corn meal sold in Findley, at two dollars per bushel; but as I had no money, I could purchase none, and my gun and the immense forests were the only resources left me now. There was a nice snow on the ground, and deer could be seen at a great distance. I took my wife's brother, a boy about fourteen years old, along with me. We proceeded several miles, when we met a man hunting with neither dog nor gun. I asked him what he was hunting, he replied, he was hunting bees. He said that yesterday, it being quite warm, the bees could be seen in great numbers, and were even now lying quite thick upon the snow. I looked carefully about me for some time, and then discovered the tree. I told my brother-in-law to cut the tree while I went home for the buckets to carry the honey in. I started for home, had about four miles to go. As I was going along, guided by my compass, a large deer started just in front of me. I took aim at him,

and he was soon struggling his last. I walked up to him and cut his throat, and left him lying there until I should return. When I reached home and told my wife what I had done, she looked at me rather incredulously for a moment, but seeing me arm myself with the buckets, concluded at last that I must be in earnest, and said, Well, we shall not have to starve for a few days. When I returned, John, for that was my brother-in-law's name, had the tree nearly cut down, and I soon finished it. We took out three buckets full of pure honey, but could not put it all in the buckets, so we had to leave the rest until another time. Then we cut a long pole, and with some bark that we could gather, tied the buckets at equal distances from each other along the pole; all things being arranged, he took one end and I the other, and started for home. When we came to where the deer lay, we cut some bark and hung it up out of the reach of the wolves, and were obliged to leave him there until morning; for it was then too late to return that evening. The next morning we returned and secured the remainder of the honey, and then went for the deer. When we came to it, the wolves were howling madly about it, but could not reach it. We cut it down and carried it home. My wife met us at the door, and said we could live now, for we had meat and wild honey. There was over ten gallons of honey, most of which I took to Findley

and sold for seventy-five cents per gallon, and bought instead, corn meal, coffee, and tobacco, and went home feeling richer than I think several thousand could make me feel now. This was in January, 1834.

I now thought it best to make some provision for the coming year. I bought ten acres and paid for it by clearing ten acres more. I built me what was denominated a cabin-house, and commenced clearing. When we wanted meat, I would take my gun and go into the woods and kill a deer, or turkey, or some other game with which the forest abounded. I worked very hard the ensuing summer, and by unremitting industry, was enabled to keep the "wolf" from the door. I soon had my land paid for, and by 1836 could raise my own bread. When my ten acres were nearly cleared, I was offered five dollars per acre, and sold it. I then bought forty acres right in the woods. I built another house after the same style as the former, and moved again into the woods. All this time provisions were extremely scarce, and very high. The country was settling very rapidly, and the demand for food much greater than the supply; and all that could be obtained, must be brought from Logan and Champagne Counties, a distance of from eighty to one hundred miles. By the help of some friends in loaning me money, I hired a yoke of cattle and one horse, and commenced hauling flour and meal

from Urbanna, to supply the people with bread, and prevent their starving. Most of the way the road at that time consisted simply of a track cut through the woods, and most of the time this was so wet and muddy as to be hardly traversable. Not unfrequently would my team become stalled in the mud, and the entire load have to be removed, item by item, and carried for some distance on my shoulder, and the team with the empty wagon helped out of some mire hole. At such times, I was often obliged to wade to my waist in mud and water. There were very few houses along the entire road. I would sometimes travel a whole day without seeing the habitation of human beings. There was no friendly inn along that dreary road, where the weary traveler might find rest, and comfortable stalls inviting his jaded team to pleasant repose; but instead of this, the pioneer of the Maumee Valley reposed upon the bosom of the earth, and turned loose his way-worn team to feed on herbage and flowers, while he himself dressed some unfortunate deer that had been so unwise as to cross his pathway, and made his supper on corn bread and broiled venison, and then lay down by his watch-fire and slept in quietude.

In this manner, I performed seven trips during the summer, and saved many an unhappy family from starvation.

When making my third trip, I was attacked by

a band of Indians. A severe contest ensued. In going up the Blanchard river, through what was then called the twelve-mile woods, there was a deer lick where I always watered my team. While there, I saw four Indians come out of the thicket. One of them leading a horse, approached the spot where I was standing. I soon discovered that they were in a state of intoxication, and my fears were accordingly increased, for to meet so many Indians alone in the woods, and particularly at that time when the white man's encroachments were looked upon by no means favorably, was not very desirable; and liquor does not affect the Indian much more favorably than the white man. They wanted to know how I would trade horses. The reader will, perhaps, remember there was a law against trading with the Indians, and I accordingly told them I did not wish to trade. This did not satisfy them, and they still insisted that I should make them an offer. But having watered my team, I mounted the wagon to proceed on my journey. This they would not permit; but detained me by catching the bridle rein of my horse, and still bantering for a trade. I at last told them I would trade for ten dollars. This so enraged the Indians that one of them drew a club and struck me upon the nose, making it bleed badly. Before this, I had been very much frightened, but now all fear forsook me and I replied to his civility with a blow from my fist

just over his eye, which laid him senseless at my feet. Another came furiously toward me and attempted to catch my legs. I caught him by the neck, and giving him an underhand lick, soon silenced him. There is a rule among the Indians when a number of them wish to take a spree, that one of the number must keep sober. I noticed that there was one of them that did not appear intoxicated, and I looked to him for protection. But an Indian will always resent an injury done to a comrade. So when they saw the other two lying senseless before them, they were so enraged one grabbed a club and the other drew a butcher knife from under his "waumus." When I saw the knife, I gave him the length of a club that happened to be near, against the side of the head, and brought him to the ground. The knife flew out of his hand and I ran for it, but the other Indian reached it first, and upon gaining the valuable weapon, he ran again into the thicket. On finding myself alone, I sprung for the team and started. I heard one of them say he would go for his gun and shoot me. They started for their wigwams, which were about twenty rods distant. They were weak from the effects of the liquor they had been drinking, else I probably could not have handled so great a number of them as easily. When they reached the wigwams, I heard them quarrelling among themselves. Their squaws

would not let them have their guns, because they were drunk; so I went on as fast as possible, hoping soon to be out of their reach. I had not proceeded far on my way when I met two teamsters, who knew me. Not being very often encouraged by the sight of a white man along that lonely road, we did not pass each other with a cold bow, or some other formal salutation; but usually stopped and held some friendly conversation on the prospects of the country, and our own success or reverses in business. At this time, my face was yet covered with the blood that was still flowing freely, and the first interrogatives were concerning my own personal safety. After the subject had been fully talked over, we determined to go back and kill them all, so we armed ourselves with clubs, and such weapons as the forest could afford, and started in pursuit of them. When they saw us approaching, they again hid themselves in the bushes, and we thought it not best to pursue them further. It was nearly night, and I had to camp again in the woods. I turned my team loose in the forest, and laid down by a log and tried to sleep. The night seemed very long. But the morning came at length, and the day following I came out of the woods. After this, I went to the Indian agent, and told him what the Indians had done, and he offered to send a guide with me, and if I could ascertain what Indians it was that had interfered with my

rights as a traveler, he would bring them to justice. But it was impossible for me to identify the marauders, for Indians all looked alike to me, and so they were left to commit new depredations wherever their revengeful natures should lead them. But they never troubled me any more, and perhaps they would not have done so this time, but for the accursed liquor that had fired their blood.

The Indian is by no means the only race of men that are troubled with a similar weakness; but the strong-minded white man, the crowning glory of creation, the pillar of strength in the normal condition of nature, will often by his own voluntary act, reduce himself far below the condition of the Indian, and with the same right arm that is sworn to protect and shield the helpless ones that are dependent upon him, wield the weapon that has not unfrequently cost the life of his victim. Aye, how much more freely can I forgive the poor benighted Indian, who, yielding to the impulse of so base a passion as an ungoverned appetite, draws the weapon of death against my life, than I can forgive the man, who living where the light of science and religion is shining in the full beauty of noon-day, and when reason and conscience are unshackled by superstition, will degrade the name of man, by basely yielding all his nobler faculties to the despotism of passion.

CHAPTER IV.

COMMENCE A SERIES OF HUNTING EXCURSIONS—START OUT ON THE SABBATH—THE UNFORTUNATE METHODIST—HUNTING WILD HOGS.

IN the fall of 1838, I commenced a series of hunting excursions, which proved very successful, and it is my purpose now to give the reader a detail of some of the scenes that followed. I commenced in October, and during the remainder of the autumn and the following winter, I killed thirty-eight deer.

One of my first successes was on the Sabbath. I had started with only my gun, and after several hours spent in the woods, I came upon an old buck that I only succeeded in wounding at first. I had no dog with me, and the artful deer was too cunning to be shot again. I followed him about five miles, close to where there lived a devoted Methodist. At this time, I paid no regard to days myself, and did not regard other people's preferences very highly. I told the old gentleman I had wounded a large buck, and I wanted him to go with his dog and help me catch it. When I first addressed him he said, "Heigh! old fellow, I'll return you for hunting on the Sabbath;" but upon being stipulated with by a prom-

ise of half the spoil, he consented and went. I told him the buck was a very large one, and I was afraid it would hurt the dog. He replied, no danger, that deer did not run the woods that could hurt him. Well, if he was willing to risk the dog, I was the deer, and we proceeded on together until we came in sight of the game. He told his dog to go, and away he went. The poor deer, weak from the loss of blood, could not do much at running; and seeing that he was likely to be overtaken by the dog, turned around and commenced a different kind of warfare. The dog, like his master, was very brave, and made no halt until met, not exactly face to face, but head to head by the deer. The head of the latter being a little the hardest, the poor fellow was soon howling piteously. I was willing to see a little fun, so I told Mr. H. to go and help the dog. He run up with a little brush in his hand, and rather imperatively demanded that the deer should let the dog alone. The deer obeyed the first injunction and took after the man, who proved himself a fine pedestrian, but hardly equal to the occasion. However, before the deer was able to do him any serious injury, he found himself pursued in the rear. The buck was thrown, and I caught him by the horns, and told Mr. H. to cut his throat. Mr. H. walked up before him just as he lay, and commenced cutting at his throat, but he was not the deer that would lay perfectly still

and have his throat cut without resistance; but he drew up his legs and sent the aggressor down the hill, making very graceful revolutions as he went. The infuriated buck made several more jumps, carrying me as an appendage to his horns, but after a little, with the help of the dog, I succeeded in bringing him again to the ground. I called the man to come and cut his throat, but he now said he would not, because it was Sunday. He did not believe it was good luck to hunt on Sunday. I at last succeeded in accomplishing the difficult feat alone. We then divided the deer between us, and each started for home, just as the shades of night came on. The weight I had to carry was eighty pounds, and the distance to be gone, over five miles.

Not long after this, I went out and wounded another deer. I had no dog yet, so I had to follow it alone. I pursued it till it lay down behind a log. I went very close to it, and was taking aim at his head, when suddenly he sprung toward me. I found refuge behind a small tree. He jumped against the tree with his head, and I thus caught him by the horns. I was now in quite a dilemma. It required all my strength and both my hands to hold him. So there must be some expedient devised for cutting his throat; after he stopped rearing and plunging, I managed to hold one of the horns with my foot and the other with one hand, and with the other, get my knife out of my pock-

et and cut his throat. Just as I had finished my work, I heard a loud laugh, and looking round saw some old hunters who had concealed themselves to watch the sport. They now came out of their hiding place and congratulated me on my success. One said, "Sam, this will spoil you. Some old buck will kill you yet, you will not always find a tree to hide behind." But I have had many more difficult encounters than that since, and am not dead yet.

Soon after this, I bought me a dog and trained him especially for hunting. He would stay close by my side, no matter if he saw twenty deer, until I told him to chase them, then he was sure to humble the proudest. On one occasion I wounded one in the foot, it was a cold day, and the ice was frozen about half an inch thick; the deer started on the ice and broke through. He waded on, breaking the ice as he went, the dog followed him, and the deer managed to get Bravo under the ice. As soon as I discovered the condition of my dog, I waded into the water up to my knees and rescued my favorite from drowning. He was large and shaggy, and was soon ornamented with a row of icicles hanging all around his great body. I relieved him of these with my knife, and together we soon overcame the cold by the vigorous exercise we took in catching the deer. I had got my gun wet while rescuing the dog, so I could not shoot, and there now remained no means of

capture but the chase. I gave Bravo the word, and he was soon bounding rapidly away in the direction of the deer. I followed after, but if Bravo had not cornered his prey, I think I should have been a long time overtaking them; but I soon knew by the barking, that he had his enemy in close quarters. When I came to them, Bravo was standing at a distance, barking; but did not seem anxious for a closer intimacy until there was some one to share the sport with him. Upon discovering the embarrassing situation of my dog, I immediately threw aside my gun and shot pouch, and with tomahawk in hand, proceeded to the contest. I first struck the deer on the horns, but the blow glanced off, and my tomahawk flew far out of my hand. He was about to give me a toss with his horns, when I disappointed his plans by placing a firm grasp about those convenient members, and holding him at a respectful distance. Bravo caught him by the hind leg and held him firmly; between us both, we laid the dextrous animal on the ground. But there was nothing accessible to cut his throat with. I had left my butcher knife in my shot pouch, and my tomahawk was lost. So I ordered Bravo to bite his throat; but the deer was not going to submit to such a tedious process of dying as that, and by means of his floundering and jumping, we at last came upon the tomahawk, when the process was expedited considerably.

I will now tell you a story about a hunt for wild hogs, which I took shortly afterward. A man by the name of Ward wanted me to go with him to hunt wild hogs. Well, this was a game well enough understood by him, but not at all understood by myself. I supposed them to be like common hogs, and their capture not much more difficult, and my friend took no pains to enlighten me on the subject. We had a large dog, and his master told him to go, and soon we heard the preliminaries of a fight. We followed them in the direction indicated by the noise, and when we reached the spot, we found quite a number, but they were all small excepting one, that was very large. The dog caught her and held her by the ear, and I caught hold of her legs and threw her down. We did not want to kill her, so Mr. W. said I should hold her while he took the dog where it might not hurt her.

When I thought they had retired to a suitable distance, I let go my hold. And the captive, that I had by means of the advantage of my position held with comparative ease, now that her freedom was gained, thought to return the compliment. She came after me with all speed, I ran as fast as I could, calling on the dog for help. He came to my deliverance just in time to save me a more severe struggle than I ever before or since had with any beast of the forest. We downed her again, and when W. wanted to take

the dog off a second time, I allowed the hog her liberty while he was still near enough to be her first choice, and I ran in the opposite direction. She knocked him down and there followed some of the loudest vocal sounds I had ever heard. But the faithful dog took her off again, and I went up and held her. We dragged her beside a large log and climbed upon it ourselves out of her reach, and then we let her go. She looked at us maliciously for some time, but seeing she could do no more, she at length left us, and we saw her no more.

We still continued our hunt for some time, and then came upon the track of eight very large ones. Said W., "We can never take them with this dog." I replied that I had two dogs at home, but I could not see the necessity of going after them to catch a hog while we had a good one with us. "The hogs will kill him in a minute," he replied. Then we will go for mine, said I. "This had better be done before we commence," said he, "and if you will risk them, I will give you half the meat." The offer was quite tempting, and the dogs were soon brought. As soon as we came in sight of the hogs, we let our dogs go. W. told me that wild hogs would follow a man as far as they could see him, and the only safe way was to hide behind a tree and shoot as soon as the dogs had stopped them. I followed his advice, stopping on one side of the hogs, and W. on the other.

I drew my gun and fired, bringing one to the ground. W. shot and wounded one, while I was reloading my gun. I soon brought down another, and W. shot again more successfully than at first. I loaded my gun again and saw that the hogs were looking for us. But I was hid behind a tree and W. brought down a third. Just as he got his gun loaded one of them saw him and started for him. He ran as fast as possible, but when he saw his best efforts were insufficient, he reversed the usual order of shooting, and fired without aim at the hog, not remitting for one moment the race. He wounded him in the shoulder, so that he could not follow him any further and then returned. There were three left, and I soon discovered that, while I was watching W., the place of my retreat had been discovered, and saw them all coming toward me. My gun was not loaded, and my only defense was my long legs. These never failed me in time of danger, and I was soon mounted upon a large log so high they could not reach me, and there deliberately loading my gun, the entire number was soon subdued. I had not heard anything from my dogs for some time, and now began to look for them. I found one dead with his entrails all torn out, and the other badly wounded. But that one was taken home and carefully tended until he at length recovered. I had by this time learned that a wild hog was more savage and dangerous than any

other beast of the forest, when cornered; but when at liberty, the wildest; and it is harder to get a shot at them, unless first cornered by the dogs, than it is to shoot a deer.

CHAPTER V.

A LUCKY NIGHT AT BIG CREEK—A SEVERE CONTEST—A WOLF CHASE—THE WOLF NOT DANGEROUS TO THE HUMAN SPECIES—A LIVE WOLF CARRIED HOME ON THE SHOULDER.

THERE was in that country a stream called Big Creek where the deer were in the habit of going to drink. Not far from the place an old man had built a house close to the bank. He had no fireplace in his house, but built a fire out of doors to do his cooking. It was warm weather and the deer came in the evening to drink. I one day asked the old gentleman why he did not kill the deer when they came so close. He replied they always came in the night, when he could not see to shoot. So I told him I would come some night and kill them for him. He told me to come, and the next night before dark I had everything ready for an evening hunt. I took my brother John along with me. Now the deer is a very timid animal and will start and look about at the slightest noise. So I planted a long pole in the ground, and fastened a little bell to the end of it and tied a string just below, so that by giving the string a slight pull the bell would ring. The fires were kindled and my brother stationed himself at the

bell rope. We had it so arranged that a bright light could be kindled instantly when wanted. The deer came as usual, the bell was rung and the light made simultaneously. A deer looked up, as we expected, and I drew a direct aim at his head. The shot was successful and there was soon a great dashing and splashing amid the waves. Soon I heard another noise, the bell was rung and the fire made, the gun discharged and another deer was killed. I ran into the water and we dragged it to shore. I looked about, it seemed to me there were deer on every side. I shot again and a third was killed. The deer then went away and it is said that from that time they forsook forever their old watering place. We went back to the house and by what very much resembled our camp fires, roasted some of our venison; and after duly celebrating our brilliant success returned home.

After this I procured an old United States musket, and after having received directions about loading it I went into the woods to watch for deer. I put into my gun a handful of powder and thirteen small rifle balls, and secreted myself behind a tree near the Creek. Soon after a deer came by and I shot. The deer fell, but not until some time after I did. I had lain there senseless I know not how long, when my brother came and picked me up. On being told that I had killed the deer I soon recovered the use of my limbs and

went in search of it. She lay not many feet from where she was shot, her body pierced with ten balls. We continued hunting deer, being very successful all the season.

That summer a new neighbor moved into the woods, and he kept such things as pork, flour, salt, and other things usually stored in barrels, in a broad porch at the back of the house. There was an old buck that was in the habit of coming every night to the porch and licking the salt barrel. He had a small dog that would chase him a little way then he would chase the dog. The farmer being unaccustomed to having wild beasts come to his door at night was considerably annoyed by his nocturnal visitor. Some of his neighbors told him I was a great hunter, and he came several miles to see if I would not come and take care of the intruder. I promised him that I would do so on Saturday night. At the appointed time I went and took my faithful dog, whose name was Lead, along with me. When night came and the rest of the family retired, I laid down on the floor in front of the fire with Lead by my side. About two o'clock the trespasser came. I peered cautiously out through a small aperture close by the door, and saw two beautiful, full-sized deer. I took my aim at the largest which instantly fell dead. I then opened the door and let Lead loose upon the other. He ran a few rods and then turned around expecting to chase the dog awhile; but he

found it was *Lead*, not *Run Back*, that was chasing him this time. A severe contest ensued. I soon heard him choking and snorting and went to the place where they were. Lead had him by the throat and had choked him almost to death. I took him by the hind legs and threw him upon his side holding him until the dog choked him to death. The man came and helped me drag him to the house where the other lay, and we hung them up under the porch and I went for help to carry them home, for they were a rich prize.

Another day when there was a nice snow on the ground I started in pursuit of deer. I soon discovered a fresh track that was marked with blood. I knew then that some one else was after him, so I would not let my dog follow him. In looking the way the deer had come from, I saw what I at first took to be a large dog, but afterward discovered to be a wolf. I set Lead on him, but the contest proved very unequal, and I loaded my gun and proceeded for his deliverance. When the wolf saw me approaching he left the dog and was soon far away in the woods. I came across another hunter with a large dog and we sent them both in pursuit. The two together mastered the wolf and held him until I came near to where they were, and shot him. I took his hide and scalp, which is all that is valuable about a wolf, and went home.

A wolf is much larger than a dog and much more ferocious. Few dogs can withstand his at-

tack. He has a large head, strong jaws and large teeth. They can run very swiftly, and also possess immense strength. They will catch deer and kill and eat them. They subsist principally upon flesh, killing small animals and some of considerable size. For all they are so ferocious and blood-thirsty in their nature, they nevertheless are sociable and peaceable with one another. They will help one another in time of battle, and never eat their morsel alone. Instinct seems more perfectly developed in the wolf than in any other forest animal. They understand each other's plans and purposes perfectly. Sometimes quite a number will congregate together and arrange a hunt for deer. After the consultation is finished the company will caper around the spot where the deer is known to be concealed and one only make direct mark for the unfortunate animal. If this one fails the others that are standing guard will catch him as he passes. Whenever the deer is caught they set up a great howl and all are quickly assembled to partake of the feast.

The wolf is not so dangerous to the human species as he has often been represented. I have been well acquainted with them for over thirty years and I have never known them to run after a man unless he had a dog they wanted; while I have frequently known them to follow my dogs when they had been away from me until they

came where I was. Then they would turn and run much more rapidly in the other direction. Although after night they will come very close and howl and make a very great noise that would frighten some people terribly—and if they had chanced to be in the same situation, would have told that the wolves came after them and made every possible effort to kill them, but were by magic or some other mysterious power kept from being injured by them, yet the truth is they would not have come so near as they really did, if they had fully known in what close proximity they were with the human species.

It is said that all animals will fight in defense of their young. Now even this is not true of the wolf when her young are molested by man. I have entered many dens of wolves and destroyed their young with the old one present. Sometimes they would come very close to me and howl piteously, but never touch me. The way we find the wolf is by going into the woods in the evening and when all is quiet, setting up a howl like a wolf. Then one with her young will answer, and by this means we find the direction of the den. We then wait until morning and howl again; if the answer comes from the same direction we conclude of a certainty in regard to the locality of the den. We then follow in the direction indicated by the sound until we come upon the track, which is ascertained sometimes by trails made by the young in the grass af-

ter they are large enough to go out and play; also by means of feathers, bones, skins, &c., which are scattered about their den, and sometimes by the blood of the game which the male wolf always brings home as food for the female and young. Their dens usually consist of hollow trees, or holes in the rocks. Sometimes they make wooden pens. When found in pens you can go in with all safety; for though they will growl and show their teeth they will never bite. When caught in a trap you can go up to them and tie them and take them home alive. One day as I was going home from a hunt I came upon a wolf trap; soon after I overtook a man with a wolf on his back. I asked him what he was going to do with the wolf, he said he had two dogs in the camp and he was going to take it to them and see if they would fight it. When we reached the camp one of the dogs beat a hasty retreat. The other presented himself for fight; but the latter giving no signs of an engagement, we took sharp sticks and struck at him until we made him mad, and then again set the dog upon him. A bloody battle ensued in which the wolf proved victorious, the dog being glad to retreat with the loss of one of his eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

TRIP TO BUCYRUS—WALK FORTY-FIVE MILES IN A DAY—LOSE THE TRAIL—AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE INDIANS—A YOUNG SQUAW ENAMORED OF THE LOST HUNTER.

WHEN I first emigrated to what was then known as the "Sandusky Purchase," in the year 1832, I settled near Fort Findlay; and from the exercise of a strong propensity to roam the woods in pursuit of game, I very soon became thoroughly acquainted with the "lay of the land" in quite an important locality; and my services as Cicerone to the new-comer were quite indispensable. I could always point them to the best lots of land, and direct them to the most favorable localities for their particular kind of business,—or those best suited to their means.

At one time there came two land hunters to my house, and wanted to profit by the superior knowledge of the country which two or three years' stay in the woods gave me over the new-comer. I was always very liberal of such knowledge, and never, from motives of policy or otherwise, kept back any information that I could give to the enterprising emigrant. I was anxious to see the country settled, and never felt like some monopolizers I have

met, willing to keep the country a swamp and wilderness, that some future generation might say that one of their ancient ancestors owned all the land that joined him. I knew that land was valuable only in proportion as the country in which it lay was rendered suitable for the habitation of man. I always believed that the one who came first had a perfect right to the first choice; that they who "bore the burden and heat of the day" were the rightful ones to possess the most favored portions of the land.

I liked the appearance of the two young men above referred to, and felt highly gratified that it was in my power to show them a favor. I accordingly took them to the most desirable section yet unoccupied in our township. It lay right beside a neighbor of mine. It so happened that this neighbor had his eye upon the land, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for making the purchase. This was all unknown to me, and my young friends, after satisfying themselves as to the quality and location, and taking the number of the lot, thought to introduce themselves to their new neighbors. They told the man that lived nearest that they had come to purchase the adjoining farm, expecting, of course, to be congratulated upon their enterprize, and to receive a hearty welcome to his hospitality. But these expectations were doomed to a early disappointment. When they told their enterprising neighbor their

scheme, he very curtly replied, "You no get that land, I buys him myself!" Our young friends told him he might, if he could get it before they could, and accordingly, started for the Land office. The outraged German now came to me for advice. He wanted to know if I could furnish him with a horse. I told him I could not, and after considerable inquiry about horses, all to no purpose, he proposed that I should go to the office for him. The distance to be traveled was forty-five miles; this was nothing for me to walk in a day; so being stipulated with for the sum of five dollars, which was no trifling amount in those days, I was on my journey the next morning before daylight. At three o'clock that afternoon I entered the Land office, gave the agent the number of the lot, and upon being told that it was yet for sale, gave him the price of the land, which was one dollar and a quarter per acre, and received the requisite certificate.

The office was crowded with people, all endeavoring to get nearest the stand; and I was trying as fast as I could to make my way to the outside. I had made but little progress toward the door when the two young men entered. I relaxed my effort to gain the door,and listened to the interview. They presented their claim to the agent, who told them that lot had just been entered; this surprised them very much, and they were looking around to see who the lucky individual

was, when their eyes fell upon me. They immediately approached me and inquired how I came there. I told them I had walked all the way that day. They would not believe this statement, and commenced questioning me about my business there. I told them I had come to accomodate a neighbor; that the land I showed them the day before I afterward learned was wanted very much by my neighbor, and as it was joining his, he was most strongly entitled to it; that there was a great deal more equally good land, still unoccupied, and they could suit themselves just as well elsewhere,—while any other piece equally good would not have answered my neighbor near as well, because it could not be so conveniently located. They expressed very great disappointment, and offered me twenty dollars for my bargain. I told them I could not betray my trust, and thus the conference ended.

My route home could be shortened five miles, by following an Indian trail which led by a creek, called Broken Sword, instead of taking the road which went by Upper Sandusky. I concluded to go the nearest way. Before I left Bucyrus I bought me a side bottle and filled it with brandy, which was a custom in those days, and not yet as effectually passed away as could be wished. It was quite late when I started, yet I thought I could get through to a settlement before nightfall; but I found by an old Indian that could speak En-

glish, that there were twelve miles of unbroken woods before I came to any white families. I still pressed on, determined not to spend the night in the woods, or among the Indians, the Indian being the only thing that lived wild in the woods that I ever feared; for in his nature were united, when once roused to passion, the ferocity of a beast and the understanding of a man.

At last I lost the trail, but still pursued my way. It was too cold to lie down without fire, and I durst not make a fire for fear of being seen by the Indians. I wandered on until it became very dark and was quite late, when in the gloom there appeared a light. This afforded considerable consolation to a poor traveler, oppressed with fatigue and hunger. I gladly approached it, believing that I had now got through the Indian Reserve, and was once more in the locality of the white man. But as I neared the house, and the great dogs came out to bark at me, I saw a tall Indian come out to call his dogs. I knew that retreat now was impossible, for should I attempt an escape they would doubtless follow me; so I thought it best to go in.

The tall Indian met me at the door, and said, "Is white man lost?" I answered "Yes." He told me to come in, and I obeyed. I there saw only the robust Indian, an aged squaw, and a young woman of tawny skin. The Indian who could talk some English, said to me, "Is white

SQUAW AND PAPPOOSE.

man hungry?" I replied in the affirmative, when he said something to his squaw in Indian that I could not understand, and she proceeded to set before me some corn bread and a little dried meat, which the Indians called "jerk." The bread had a very unpleasant smell, and I could not eat it; but the meat was very good, and I devoured it greedily. After partaking liberally of the simple meal, my fears gradually began to subside, and I thought to return the kind hospitality of mine host, by a refreshing draught from my demijohn. I very soon discovered that this was a mistaken kindness, for the Indian, like the white man, cannot always stop this seductive indulgence at moderation. He drank freely himself, and gave to his squaw, who drank with equal freedom. I then offered it to the young woman, but she refused. It was not long before the Indian and his dusky mate wanted to drink again. He smiled very good-naturedly when I presented it to him, and after drinking the second time, became very sociable and extremely good-natured. He would come very close to me and lay his hand upon my head and say, "White man not ugly; white man very good." He soon became very noisy in his demonstrations, and sung and hallooed vociferously. I felt a little awed by his presence, and could not help wishing that either he or I were somewhere else. Again they wanted more, and I concluded this was the best wand I could wield over the

strength of the red man, so I gave them both all they wanted of the brandy, which nearly emptied my bottle. The squaw then sat down and was soon fast asleep; and not long after, the arms of Morpheus held the strong Indian securely in his embrace.

I was then left alone with the young Indian girl. As soon as the old Indians were asleep, she commenced being quite sociable. The first word she spoke, I saw that she was conversant with the English language. She inquired of me where I was traveling. I told her I was hunting me an Indian wife. She told me the white man did not like the dark-faced Indian maid. I told her that she was more beautiful than many white girls, which was indeed a truth; but I was too much overcome by the labors of the day just past, to be very sociable, and there was a pause in the conversation. She soon disappeared from my sight for a few moments, and then returned arrayed in the most gorgeous apparel I had ever beheld. Her dress was embroidered with beads, from the little red turban she wore on her head, to the soft velvet moccasins that covered her feet,—and really the dress was very becoming to her swarthy complexion, or she was very becoming to the dress. The thread of conversation was taken up about the same place it had been laid down, and continued until I quite forgot my fears and my fatigue. But she being more thoughtful than

myself, asked me if I would not like to rest. I replied that I would. She brought some furs and made me a nice warm bed before the fire, where I lay down to rest. She then brought some more, and in another part of the room made a bed for herself. During our conversation, she told me that she owned one section of land, where she should go and live when she was married. That she never would marry an Indian, for they thought their wives were made only for slaves; that they cared only for hunting, and would make their squaws go along and carry the game, or stay at home and raise all the corn and potatoes.

I slept very quietly until morning, when I was awakened by the thirsty Indian, who wanted more rum. I took the bottle from under my head and handed it to him, which he emptied, and then lay down again; as soon as he was asleep, I arose and prepared to start on my journey. Before leaving, the kind-hearted Indian girl gave me some more of the dried meat, which was the best entertainment they possessed, and wished me a prosperous journey. I gave her rather a military salute as I departed, and thus closed my pleasant, though brief acquaintance, with the hospitable Indian family.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARE FOR ANOTHER HUNTING EXCURSION—GAME SCARCE—THE NEAREST HUNTING GROUNDS FORTY MILES AWAY—EQUIP MYSELF FOR A COON HUNT—GONE THIRTY DAYS—CAPTURE SIXTY-TWO COON—TAKE ANOTHER TRIP—KILL TWO LARGE BEARS.

IN the year 1846, while still living in Hancock County, I found myself in very straitened circumstances. The country was new, and the products in no wise numerous or abundant. My family now numbered nine, and my cares and necessities were correspondingly increased. At this time I was greatly in debt, and had very limited means for the sustenance of my family. It was winter, and the earth would not yield her fruits before another summer. My wife was seriously opposed to my hunting, and now her objections were somewhat justifiable, for the hunting grounds were forty miles from where we lived. In the thirteen years that I had lived in Hancock, both the Indian and the white man had seen their rich hunting grounds laid waste by the woodman's ax. And although the forests were by no means all converted into fruitful fields, they were broken and deserted by game.

The nearest place where there were any valua-

ble hunting grounds was in the edge of Putnam and Paulding Counties. I proposed to my wife that I should go and spend the winter in what was commonly designated "the big woods." She was at first greatly opposed to the plan, and in consequence I stayed at home until she was willing that I should go.

Her fears were by no means unfounded. The exposures of the camp at such a season, the ferocity of the beasts, which it is not easy to convince a faithful wife exists only in story, the possibility of deep snows and heavy rains, and only the canopy of heaven for protection, all these, and many other things, both possible and impossible, were among the objections with which she detained me for several days. But at last, our necessities proving a stronger argument than anything which I could adduce, she at length gave an unwilling consent that I should go. She did all that woman's skill and assiduity could to make me comfortable, and all, and much more was needful before my thirty days' stay in the woods had expired.

With a knapsack well stored with such provisions as corn meal, ground coffee, ground pepper, and plenty of salt, a loaf of bread and some cakes, I started for the woods. My knapsack on my back, my gun upon my shoulder, a tin bucket on my arm, an ax in my hand, and clad in my hunter's dress of fur, with three dogs leaping and

capering about me, I was, if not an object of interest, at least one of curiosity. I started early in the morning, and reached my destination just in the edge of evening. I built my fire, ate a cold supper, and camped for the night.

The woods in which I was encamped, were watered by a stream called Powell's Creek, and from that received the name of Powell Creek Swamp. It was an immense swamp, uninhabited for twenty by forty miles. There was a place in it called the North Bear Marsh, about two miles wide and six miles long. Here were found bear, deer, wolves, wild cats, foxes, coon, and all kinds of game usually found in the western forests. The price of coon skins then was high, and the demand greater than for any other kind of fur. I had my dogs well trained to that particular kind of hunting, and confined my attention exclusively to that.

The first thing I did after my arrival in the swamp, was to build me a camp, which consisted of logs so arranged as to afford a partial protection from the winds and storm on three sides, and covered with "puncheon" overhead. This I used as a place of deposit for my furs, and as a rendezvous for myself through the day. In front of it I built my camp fires, and cooked my food, or as the hunter terms it, "grub." Now it is not uncommon to hear "poor, oppressed downtrodden women," when surrounded with all the

conveniences and comforts of life, complain of the privation they must daily undergo, while they positively assert, and I suppose as positively believe, that men would starve to death if they had to undergo the same difficulties. They also think that men always supply themselves with every requisite for labor, and that the kitchen is the only barren waste where all the necessary conveniences have been forgotten. Well, to such unfortunate housekeepers I am going to give a little of my experience in the culinary arts. I was not favored with one of Stuart's Improved cook-stoves, but in its stead I had a fire made of sticks after no definite plan, and with no patent; but I had invented a coffee boiler, which, but for the inconveniences of traveling in those days, and my remote distance from the place where such enterprises were attended to, I think I should have had patented. Now if you will promise me not to steal the pattern, I will tell you how it was made. Well, I had a smooth round stone about six inches in diameter (I do not know whether one of any other shape or dimensions would have answered equally well or not, never having tried any other), which I used to throw in the fire and heat very hot, and then transfer it to a carefully prepared trough containing exactly water enough for three cups of coffee; it would soon boil very hard, and then I would add the coffee, unmixed with egg or any of the modern improvements. When boiled

sufficiently, the round stone was removed and laid safely by for future use, and we will leave the coffee in the trough close by the fire to keep warm, while we shall finish cooking the meat, which is a full sized coon carefully dressed, and thickly sprinkled with salt and pepper, and without further dissecting, is systematically arranged upon sticks, by the hottest side of the fire, and is roasting, and will be entirely done by the time we examine the bread which is in process of baking. Well, now my wife never could convince me of the utility of saleratus or soda, as it is sometimes called, and I never had the faculty of making yeast ferment in an exact period of time. So I preferred the more plain and simple method of mixing my flour with only water and salt, and then there was never any such complaint heard as, "Didn't have good luck with my bread," for it was invariably one and the same thing. Now my manner of making bread was not so novel after all, for I used a wooden bowl, the same as modern housekeepers do, only it might have been of ruder pattern, for it was made with a hunter's hand and a hunter's ax; but I have heard experienced housekeepers say bread always rises best in a wooden bowl, and I believe it, for mine was always just so light and no lighter, and my dripping-pan was a basswood pole; and if it would not contain my bread, my bread would nearly contain it; for I wrapped it carefully

around it, and then supported it upon some cross pieces previously arranged for its support, at a very convenient distance from the fire.

I had often heard it said that bread baked in the open air was a great deal sweeter than bread baked in a close oven; that it absorbed more oxygen and threw out more carbon, and consequently contained more of the health-inspiring principle. Although these were meaningless terms to me, I had no difficulty in believing the truth of the statement, for I never tasted sweeter bread in all my life, and if I have not woman's skill in making bread, roasting meat, boiling coffee, and setting table all at once, I can at least do one at a time, and in process of time accomplish the whole.

My breakfast is now all ready but setting the table, and if you will assist me in this process, I will endeavor to do the eating alone. My table is not of the extension pattern; there is no need of that, for it is the oblong earth. There was no snowy damask linen to cover it, for it was at this time covered with nature's own tapestry of the same delicate complexion. My dishes are not numerous, and therefore the work not complicated. One wooden dish dug from the inside of my bread-bowl contains the meat, another of the same manufacture, the bread, a tin cup for the coffee, and a pocket knife and fork manufactured

of wood, and the arrangements are complete. But I have no doubt that this regimen will afford no attraction to the more highly wrought sensitive natures of the fair sex, who have slept in air-tight bedrooms, deeply buried in feather beds, and so I will forbear giving you an invitation to my rustic meal; but to a hungry hunter, whose appetite partakes somewhat of the nature of his prey, it has a peculiar relish, and gives unmistakable evidence of superior cooking.

Well, now with all these comforts and conveniences, I presume you will not think it was hard when I tell you I spent thirty days in the woods, hunting nights, and sometimes sleeping days, without seeing the face of a human being but once. This was a traveler whom I observed following an Indian trail, that was the only path through the woods. He was ahead of me, so I started in a way that would bring me upon the trail ahead of him. When he saw me, he thought me a robber, and was very much frightened. I accosted him with the customary salutation of a hunter, and asked him where he was traveling. He replied, with trembling voice, "Not very far." I saw the poor man was badly frightened, and I endeavored to make myself look as humane and innocent as possible. I told him I was a hunter, and invited him to my camp to take some refreshments. He saw from my load of fur, that I really was what I pretended, and began to manifest a

little more courage, and explained his embarrassment by saying he at first took me for a robber. He had heard that the woods were infested with robbers, and he supposed that he had unluckily fallen into their hands. I replied, that there were no robbers there, only such as wished to rob the forest of its game; and should there be any others, I thought they would find it rather a dull place for their business. By this time we had reached the camp, and I built my fire, and commenced the process of cooking a dinner, with utensils before described. When the man saw me mix the coffee and cold water in the trough, as I sometimes did, he could not help asking me what I was going to do. I told him I was going to boil my coffee; but it exhausted his ingenuity to conceive how I could boil it in a wooden trough. Well, when he could guess no more ways, I explained the mystery, by dropping the stone right into the midst of it, causing it to boil vehemently, and after drinking three cups, he declared it to be equal to that prepared by the most skillful house-wifery. We had a very pleasant visit together, and after he was gone, I felt more forcibly than ever the truth of the inspired proverb, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so is the face of a man to his friend."

During the thirty-days' hunt, I caught sixty-two coons, and sold their skins for one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece, which brought me seventy-

seven dollars and fifty cents. I went home with money enough to pay all my debts, and had some left, and I felt quite rich; for when a man can look the whole world in the face, and say that he "Owes no man anything," he is independent, though he may have but a single dollar in his pocket. By my success, I had gained my wife's approval of the business, and during the winter, made several more trips to the woods, with various successes, as will be seen hereafter.

My next expedition was in pursuit of bear. I had learned, while in the swamp before, that bears were very thick there, so this time I equipped myself especially for that particular kind of hunting. I procured four large dogs, and took my brother John along with me. There was a nice tracking snow, and we soon found bear tracks so thick that we could not tell one from another. We circled around, until we came upon one that we could follow. We set our dogs, which were six in number, upon their track; but they being unacquainted with the sport, seemed little interested. They had not run him far, when they returned, all but one. After awhile this one came too, his ears badly boxed. He was very indignant at the treatment he had received, and was anxious to wreak his vengeance on the head of his enemy. But I restrained his fury, and kept him by my side, until I came to the spot where they had been fighting. As soon as the dog saw

COMMON BLACK BEAR.

the ground covered with blood, he would submit to no further restraint; but defying all authority, started immediately in pursuit of his foe. So I sent the other dogs to his assistance, and we followed after them. In about two hours, we met them returning, badly whipped. I had one dog whose name was "Bill," which was my favorite coon dog; he was the most severely injured of all, and still the most anxious to return. We followed them to where they had last fought, and found the ground red with the blood of the dogs, but the bear was uninjured still. We did not pursue it further then, but built our fires and camped for the night.

Early the next morning, the chase was renewed. As soon as the bear started, the dogs pursued it with zeal unprecedented. I followed them as fast as I could, but the dogs and bear were soon out of my hearing. But I continued to follow the trail until I came up to the place where the dogs, by their perseverance and skill, had their honorable opponent securely caged in the top of a tree. When I approached the spot, he looked down quite sarcastically upon myself and dogs, as though he had bid defiance to further pursuit, and wished us to understand the superiority of his position. I did not care to undertake to bring him down alone, so I left him to the enjoyment of his lofty supremacy until my brother came up. When he saw him, he wanted me to shoot, as I was the

best marksman; for anything short of a dead shot, would greatly endanger the lives of our dogs, as they were already badly bruised and bleeding, and we knew that if we only wounded him, he would be much more ferocious than before. But killall seldom failed; and in this instance served his master with rather more than usual fidelity; and soon old Bruin came with accelerated velocity down to the ground, his brain being seriously dislocated. The dogs leaped upon their prey as though they would yet glut their vengeance on his senseless body. Then they left him, and looked first at the bear and then at me, as if they would have me understand the infinite satisfaction this triumph afforded them. We were now about seven miles from camp, and it cost something of an effort to carry our game to its place of deposit, but we never yielded to difficulties, and always found some means of accomplishing our purposes. So we tied some bark to his head, and together drew him back to the camp.

We were now obliged to let our dogs rest a few days, after which we started on another chase. The dogs were very soon on track of another bear, which they soon treed. But when the bear saw me approaching, he did not stop long to enjoy the advantage of his situation, but descended about as rapidly as he went up. But as soon as he touched the ground, the dogs all met him, and a fierce contest ensued, in which the bear was like to prove

victorious. I could not see my brave dogs vanquished in such a contest, so I joined their allied forces, and soon laid him senseless at their feet by another successful discharge of old killall. We did not wait now to kill any more, but loaded our game on a hastily-constructed hand-sled, and started for home. We sold most of the meat at ten cents per pound, and the two skins for fourteen dollars; besides having plenty of pure oil for our hair and shoes.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN IMPUDENT DEER—A BIG CHASE AFTER SEVEN BEARS—CATCH A CUB—DECEIVED BY HUNTERS—FIDELITY OF A DOG—ANOTHER BEAR CAPTURED—THE HABITS OF BEARS.

THERE is one rule that is almost universally observed by skillful hunters, that is, to pursue but one kind of game in a season. We always have a set of dogs trained to a particular kind of hunting, and then confine them entirely to that, if we would be successful. Thus, a coon-dog is not suitable for bears, nor a wolf-dog for deer; and when we allow them to follow different kinds of game, they soon become efficacious for none. This was often the cause of much perplexity, for not unfrequently when in pursuit of one kind of game, another kind, equally as valuable, would come so provokingly near, that neither myself or dog knew how to pardon their impudence.

On one occasion, when I had started on the track of a bear, being at this time engaged exclusively in bear-hunting, I came close up to a deer that stood looking at me with as much coolness as if his life was insured against all peril in bear-hunting season. I told him he had better be going, or my unlucky gun might shoot him. He

only answered by nodding his head. Again I addressed him by saying, "I will stand guard over old killall until I reach the large log yonder, then I will no longer hold myself responsible for its conduct." Still more haughtily he curbed his neck. My dogs were now leaping and dancing with eagerness for the chase; but still I detained them, while I walked leisurely up to the designated spot. I again looked at the deer, whose invincible coolness was no longer tolerable. I made a charge, and the beautiful animal was soon weltering in his gore. I drew my game to a place of safety, and started in pursuit of the bear. I very soon came upon the tracks of four large bears, and three cubs, each cub weighing about one hundred pounds. I started them, and told the dogs to go. The old bear kept behind her cubs to guard them; when the dogs came a little too close, she would abandon the chase for a few minutes, and fight the dogs. One of the bears soon left the company and started in a different direction. Old Madge, which was my largest and best bear-dog, followed him. At last I heard Madge bark. I knew that he had the bear in close quarters, for he never would bark at anything but a bear, and only then when he had cornered or treed him; so I went as fast as possible to where the sound proceeded from, and found that Madge had treed one of the cubs. I brought him down with very little ceremony, and hung

him up out of the reach of other animals, and rapidly pursued the others. It was now about ten o'clock. As soon as we found the track, Madge pursued them, and I followed on a fast run, which I could do all day. About two o'clock, I heard the dogs coming back.

Before proceeding further, I will give you a description of my dogs. They were four in number Two of them were hounds, one half hound, and Madge half greyhound. Soon I saw the bear going past me. I shot at him as he went, but missed him. Soon after he passed me, up came Madge nearly tuckered out. The other dogs were together. I hallooed at them, and they increased their speed. Madge was about forty rods behind the bear, and the hounds about eighty. The bear took a circle ot about eight miles. I succeeded in heading him, but could not get a shot at him. The chase had proved too much for Madge, for he was now about forty rods in rear of the hounds. They were within twenty rods of the bear. I told them to catch him, and they accordingly quickened their pace. They caught him but could not hold him. I urged on old Madge, who at length came up to the scene of contest. But the bear defied their vigilence, and the chase was still pursued. I followed on till dark, and then with my knife and flint struck a fire, and lay down beside it, believing that I had not traveled less than seventy miles that day.

No dogs came back that night. The next morning I took the track and followed it for some miles. At length I came to where they had had the bear up a tree. I saw by the appearance about the tree, that there had been hard fighting. The bear had made several attempts to go up the tree, but the dogs would pull her back; at last she had succeeded in ascending out of their reach, and the dogs had lain down at the foot of the tree to watch. But Madge, for the first time since our acquaintance, had abandoned the chase, and gone back to the camp to recuperate. The other dogs had followed the bear, but had probably started some time in the night, and I concluded that to follow them would be useless; so after reconnoitering round the scene for some minutes, I concluded to follow Madge's example. I went to the camp, and found Madge. We stayed there until the next day. Then I took him and started in pursuit of my dogs. We had only gone a short distance, when Madge, without any orders, very unceremoniously left my side, and started at a rapid rate to the right. I knew this was the omen of a bear fight, and I accordingly followed as rapidly as possible. He was hardly out of sight, when I heard the fight commence. I hastened forward, and almost the first thing I saw, was a large bear that Madge was holding firmly by the hind leg. I walked up to them and leveled old killall at the right flank, causing the ball to

pass forward toward the shoulder. Just before I fired upon him, a strange dog came up in front and offered fight; but Bruin caught him by the shoulder and crushed it by one ferocious grip. I afterward ran up to where the bear was still holding firmly to the dog, and taking my tomahawk from my belt, gave the bear a heavy blow across the back of the neck with its edge, which caused his head to abandon its upright position, and the teeth to unloosen their grasp, and the poor dog pursued at a very moderate speed the backward track. I concluded there probably was some hunter on the track, and so I hallooed, but received no answer; after some time, I hallooed again. "Halloo!" was answered back, and soon three inefficient-looking hunters, that I doubt ever having killed a bear in all their lives, came up. The first salutation was, "You have got our bear." I replied that I had a bear which myself and dog had caught. They answered, "We have been in pursuit of it ever since daylight, and our dog never would have surrendered until he killed him."

I explained to them the gallant fight their dog had had with the bear, and the unconditional surrender. Well, they said they had the earliest claim upon the bear, and would take the hide and three-quarters of the meat, and give me the other quarter for my trouble. So we commenced skinning the bear. I told them I would take the

skin and they might have all the meat; but this did not meet their views, and I, finding myself in the minority, was obliged to yield the disputed point. I then told them if they would give me five dollars, they might have it all. They finally gave me four dollars, which they said was all they had. Some time afterward I met one of the men, and we talked the matter over, when he told me they had not followed him at all, that the dog had just started him, and they had been going on attending to other business, until the dog returned badly wounded, when they agreed to follow his track and ascertain what had done it; that they were just about to abandon the pursuit when they heard me halloo. They then agreed if any hunter had killed a bear, they would tell him they had been following it all day, and make him give it up. They worked their scheme quite successfully, and left the dupe of their caprice fifty dollars out of pocket.

Instead of hunting bear, I continued hunting dogs, and did not find the full complement until the third day, and then, by returning to my camp. They had, in the mean time, chased the bear by my home, which was forty miles distant; but soon after this, abandoned the chase, and two of the dogs returned to the camp, but one went to the house. He at first showed great delight at again seeing the family; but after finding that I was not there, he went out doors, gave two or

three mournful howls, and then started at full speed for the camp. I was awakened in the night by this faithful animal licking my face.

The fidelity of a dog to his master, is undoubtedly the most imperishable of the workings of instinct;—cold or hunger, fatigue or abuse, none of these will ever lessen the attachments of a dog —but on the contrary, only seem to draw the chords of affection still closer. The constancy with which the irrational brute proves his affection, ought to put to blush the transient friendships of their superior race.

The next day my dogs were entirely unfit for duty, so I left them in the camp, while I went after the deer that was spoken of at the commencement of this chapter. I thought to bring it in for food for myself and dogs. While on my way, I found a coon-tree; this I cut and found in it two coons and two gallons of very excellent honey. I dug out a trough for my honey, and carried this also to the camp. There came a fresh snow that night, which made it just right for bear hunting; by this time my dogs were considerably recruited, and anxious for another chase. We very soon crossed a fresh bear track, as we were going toward the south. Madge turned to the left and started on his usual hunting pace. I told the other dogs to follow, while I brought up the rear at no very moderate rate. This was early in the morning, and the chase was pursued

with no abatement until noon, when I saw where the dogs had overtaken him, and the snow had been made red with the blood of their victim. But he had again evaded their attack, and the chase was renewed. I followed them on the same fast run I had kept up all day, and which I ever did when in pursuit of a bear, for I never knew what it was to tire in a bear chase until the conquest over my victim was complete. I soon came to a place where the bear had lain down in the fight, and the ice was badly scratched and marked with blood. This gave me good encouragement, and I quickened my pace a little. Soon I heard the barking of my dogs as in a fight. I made now some rapid strides, which soon brought me in sight of the bear. He was surrounded by the dogs, so that he could not escape; but still he kept them at a distance, by boxing.

I did not want that they should discover my approach, for that would make the bear much more ferocious, and the dogs more venturesome. I hoped to get a shot at him before he had time to seriously injure my dogs. He had by this time stationed himself upon a large log, and by diligent use of his paws, kept the dogs from injuring him. I had approached within eighty rods of the spot, and was endeavoring to take aim at his head, which he was keeping in active exercise. Finding it impossible to shoot while he was so constantly engaged with the dogs, I approached

still nearer, but Madge saw me, and with one bold spring, brought the bear to the ground, and with the help of the other dogs, a bloody fight quickly ensued. I now ran very close and fired, but did not give him a mortal wound. My next resort was the tomahawk; this I used pretty skillfully just back of the ears, and gave him a deadly wound, which soon laid him cold and motionless at our feet. Neither the dogs nor myself were sorry when the sport was finished, for we discovered soon after, that we had gone to about the fullest extent of our strength.

Before I became acquainted with bears, I had frequently heard them spoken of as awkward and clumsy, slow on foot, and easily overtaken by dogs; but my experience by no means verifies this statement. The bear is as quick and active as a cat, and their great size and immense strength make their movements count. I have measured their leaps, which were eighteen feet, and these were made with the nimbleness of a deer. When pursued, they will run from five to fifteen miles without stopping. It has also been said that a bear can only climb a large tree; this, too, is a mistake. They will climb any tree that can sustain their weight. In the swamps, they will climb very small saplings, and break off the branches and pile the brush, and form for themselves a bed; and if not disturbed, they will remain in their nests all winter; unless there is a

great deal of mast, then they will not lay up at all through the winter. The female bear makes her nest in January and February, and remains with her young until April. During this time, she never leaves her nest for food. The bear never eats when in a state of quiet; but will remain in his nest from fall till spring without tasting food.

When lying in their nests with their young, you can go as close to them as you please, without being molested, unless you disturb their young. Then you had better be prepared to defend your life. In this they are not like the wolf. That animal will not fight, even in defense of its young. But the bear lies very quiet while you walk all around her nest, but the moment you lay hand upon her cubs, she is ready for fight; and a person undertaking this dangerous amusement, better be well protected with dogs and double barreled revolvers. When a bear has no young, it is perfectly safe to enter the cave or hole in the rock where they are concealed. In this condition they seem dormant, and will not fight—only the most powerful influences can rouse them—but when once aroused, they are energetic and ferocious.

From what has already been written, much of the true nature of the bear is undoubtedly correctly understood. But there remain some few characteristics to be explained. Among other attributes

of his nature, is a passionate fondness for sweet. He will roam the forests over in search of honey. He is much more skillful than man in following the bees to their secret haunts, and woe to the luckless Bee family that comes within his observation! To accomplish their destruction, he will climb the loftiest trees, enter their hollow trunks, and extract therefrom the precious store which is their only hope of sustenance through the long and perilous winter. He cares nothing for the stings of the despairing defenders. His impenetrable skin, for which he is principally hunted, and which in common times most frequently is the price of his life, here becomes his safeguard and defense; and he pays no more attention to their merciless inflictions, than the ironclad does to the Minie balls.

The following extraordinary process of catching a bear without the use of firearms, is related of the Russian peasants, who are but poorly supplied with these more destructive weapons.

"In a forest known to contain bears, the hunters examine all the hollow trees, till they discover a wild-bee hive. A branch of the tree is then chosen, directly above the hole; if there is no such branch, a stout peg is driven into the trunk. To this peg a strong cord is fastened, and to the end of the cord, a heavy stone or cannon ball is suspended at about half a foot from the ground. The bear, in his researches, comes upon the treas-

ures of honey. The pendulous barrier obstructs and incommodes him a good deal. He is an irritable brute, in such cases, one of the most irritable as well as one of the most stupid in the forest. He begins by shoving the stone or weight aside; but it presses against his head, and he gives it a slight knock to free himself from the inconvenience. It recoils a moment, and he receives a smart tap upon the ear. His temper is roused, and he again pushes off the hard and heavy mass, but more violently; he gets rather a severe blow on the side of the skull in its return. He becomes furious, and with a powerful jerk, sends the rock swinging away. The pendulum is not the first to tire of the game, as it is a game on which the blows are felt on one side exclusively. The bear alone suffers, and the point is, he suffers as much by the strokes he gives as those he receives. He takes double punishment. His very retaliations are all against himself, and for every furious push which makes his skull ache, he receives an immediate equivalent, which makes it ache again.

"At last his rage is unbounded. He hugs the block,—he strikes it—he bites it,—but whenever he would thrust his head into the hive, back on his ear falls the obstruction, against which neither his terrible hug, nor the blows of his paw are of any avail. The brute is maddened. He faces his strange and pertinacious tormentor, and makes

it once more rebound from his skull. But back it swings like a curse, which returns upon the head from whence it started. The bear falls exhausted under these reiterated blows, one more violent than another; and if he be not dead, the hunters, who have watched the singular contest from their hiding place, soon dispatch him."

Another characteristic of the bear, is his remarkable tenacity of life. He will stand the wounds of many a rifle shot, and fight valiantly his assailants, until his brain is dislocated, or the natural action of the heart obstructed. They are heavily built, slow of motion, until pursued, then, when fairly started in the chase, their movements are rapid and prodigious. There are three species of bear. The American, or black bear; the grizzly, and the white bear. The latter is confined exclusively to the arctic or polar regions. The grizzly is found in the immense forests of the West, but in several particulars, is unlike the black bear, one distinguishing difference is, it never climbs, but meets its enemy fairly upon the ground.

The height of the black bear is from five to seven feet, and its length from six to nine, and they weigh from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred pounds. They are hunted principally for their skins and oil, though their meat also is considered by many, very excellent.

CHAPTER IX.

A DAY AMONG THE LINES—MAMMOTH FISHERIES OF THE MAUMEE—GO TO THE FISHERIES AND SPEAR A STURGEON NINE FEET LONG—RESORT TO THE SEINE—A STRANGE KIND OF GAME—APPALLING SPECTACLE—THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Who has not ventured forth on a beautiful summer afternoon, with a kind, warm-hearted friend by his side, and with measured line dropped his baited hook beneath the rippling surface of the shining waters, and then glided smoothly along over the languid water, quite oblivious of time or space, while his fair companion beguiled the hours into minutes, and miles into narrow spaces, until there was a certain feeling of quiet satisfaction, equivalent to—don't care whether fish bite or not—when suddenly the silken thread of conversation is broken by a gentle twitching of the line, and the devoted listener is roused to something like a sense of the painful duty before him—painful, did I say?—yes, painful. Painful because the poor fish's lacerated gill must be separated from the cruel hook? oh, no, not that; but painful because a mind lost to everything but the communion of a kindred spirit must thus forcibly and suddenly be brought back to the wakeful and real in life, while

it would much rather repose in dreamlike rhapsodies under the soothing influences of quiet, sparkling waters, and still more sparkling wit. But the hook must be drawn to the surface, and there comes up with it a beautiful sunfish. Oh, how delicious that will be fried in sweet butter, and shared with a friend for supper. But the little creature makes many remonstrances against such a course. He writhes his little body into many distorted shapes, and the sympathetic friend by your side pleads so eloquently for the life of the little sufferer that you begin to feel how cruel it would be to kill it, and the hook is much more tenderly removed than perhaps the same hook has been on former occasions, and the little fish, after being admired for a moment, is thrown again into the water, instead of the empty trough that you expected to see by this time well filled. The line is wound up, and the fishing abandoned for the afternoon, and the fisherman relapses again into the before-described state of luxurious repose, while the lazy breeze idly wafts them back to the little port from whence they glided.

Now it is not such a fishing excursion as this that I am going to describe. Indeed, I do not expect it to resemble it in the smallest particular. I have only drawn this opposite sketch, thinking some might have met the former in their own experience, and when compared with some more recent experience, found the contrast pleasant.

I am now going to make just as sudden a transition from the fanciful and false, to the commonplace and true, as the young lover makes when he exchanges the golden hours and honied words of courtship for the leaden years and tart words of dull, prosaic life.

I was living in Hancock Co., Ohio, when I heard of the mammoth fisheries of the Maumee. Now fishing possessed a charm for me second to nothing but hunting, and as it was not the season for hunting, I thought I would fill up the interval of time by fishing. At that age I was rather ambitious, and quite fond of leading the van whenever associated with company in any business. At this time I was quite successful in raising a crew, and started for the "big fisheries," about fifty miles distant. Among the number who accompanied me, was my brother, to whom the reader has previously been introduced. He had been to the fisheries the previous summer, and so entertained us *en route*, by marvelous stories of the size and number of the fish, particularly the sturgeon, until my mind was so engrossed with thoughts of sturgeon that I was ready for battle as soon as one presented itself to my sight.

We had no sooner landed than a large one came popping its head out of the water close to the place where I was standing. I caught a spear which luckily lay on the bank, and started for the fish. The owner of the valuable article saw the trick,

and hallooed at me to bring back his spear. I told him if I broke it I was able to pay for it. He replied that he did not want the pay, he wanted the spear, which was much more valuable to him at that time and in that place than the money it cost; but I was far out in the water, and did not heed the admonition; but my brother explained the case to him, telling him there was no danger of me, I was half fish myself, and if I could not bring it to shore I would go down stream along with it. There were about fifty men on the bank watching the exploit, and what man is not willing to make some ventures where there are others standing by to applaud his heroism? I felt at that time that I could have been a second Napoleon, had the same opportunities for daring bravery presented themselves, and the same number of anxious beholders stood by to watch the result. I fastened a loop of the cord that was attached to the spear around my left hand, and with the instrument of death firmly clenched in my right, I made a bold start toward the young leviathan. Now I suppose I need not tell the dweller in the Maumee Valley, that the sturgeon is the most powerful fish found in the fresh water. Though very lazy and languid in its movements, it is, when attacked, found to possess immense strength. The water in which I approached him was about two feet deep, and the bottom was of smooth, solid rock. But a few rods further down

the stream there was a sudden jog in the limestone rock, and the water was six or eight feet deep, and the current just above very rapid. I knew that my chances of success lay in immediate action, and accordingly I plied the spear. It penetrated the tough hide, and entered the flesh just below the gills. The moment the spear struck him, he made one powerful plunge into the water, carrying the spear quite out of my reach; and I soon discovered that he was not only carrying the spear, but by means of the cord attached to my left hand, I too was following at quite a rapid rate. This unintentional drift down stream gave me no small anxiety as to the result; and after following my captor several rods, I determined to reverse the motion. I had now the disadvantage of heavy clothing, swift current, and a powerful, refractory force, from which I could not get free if I would. But in time of danger my strength never forsook me, and at this time my efforts were equal to the task. I at length swam safely to the shore, the subjugated sturgeon following me at a rapid rate. My friends congratulated me upon having accomplished a very daring feat. We drew the fish ashore, and he measured nine feet in length.

At another time my brother and myself waded in together, and thought that between us we could surely capture a fish only ten feet long. The water was about three feet deep, and the undaunted sturgeon lay there lazily upon the surface while we

approached and leisurely surveyed him. We made all our arrangements for capturing him—John was to catch him by the tail, and I would seize him by the gills. When I should say, Ready, we were with simultaneous movements to lift the finny monster èntirely out of his liquid element, and then we would have him quite within our power. But ah, delusive thought! we did not rightly estimate the strength of our supposed captive, until we found ourselves upon our backs beneath the surface of the ruffled water. Before deliberating very long upon the comparative strength of the fish, and our own inability to capture him, we turned our attention to the more practical matter of regaining our footing. When this was accomplished, we saw the wake of the fish far in the distance. We did not follow him, but quietly sought the shore, our ambition fully satisfied with that kind of fishing.

After this we followed the more approved plan of fishing with the net and seine; and in twenty-four hours we had caught nine barrels, and had them salted and ready to start for home. The place where the fish were caught was just below the dam, and one of the company would go very close to the fall of the water, and the rest would hold the seine just below, the one above with a long pole driving the fish into the net.

At one time my brother proposed going behind the sheet of water that fell from the dam, and driving the fish through. He said he would go

along until he came to where the fish were most abundant, then he would indicate the locality by running the pole through the falling water, and there we should set our seine. We did so, and several times we drew it well filled with nice, large catfish. The fourth time we had no more than set our net, when something much heavier than a fish struck it, and we thought the old cat and all was to pay. We drew it ashore, eager to discern the nature of our gain. We looked cautiously in, and there by the pale, glimmering light of the moon we saw the drenched body of a man. In spite of all our bravery, the stoutest heart shuddered at the appalling spectacle. Long, dripping locks, parted in heavy strands about the forehead, sinewey hands convulsively clasped, and jaws rigidly set. In that distorted visage it took me some moments to discern the likeness of my brother; but I was not equally slow in resorting to the usual restoratives, and in the course of half an hour he began to show signs of recovery, and at length the mystery was cleared up. My brother having remained quite as long as was agreeable in the dense fog and vapor, and feeling a sickening, suffocating sensation, occasioned by the dampness, thought the shortest route to fresh air led through the spray, and he would follow it. But the weight of falling water precipitated him violently to the rocky bottom beneath, and he arose just in front of the net. When entering the opening of the

net, he thought the days of Nineveh were revived, and a mammoth fish had been prepared for his reception. While reposing in his capacious stomach, he felt annoyed by the innumerable company of little fishes that had been swallowed with him, and to prove himself the most important of the company, was what had occasioned the violent kicking and floundering that so nearly destroyed our little seine.

CHAPTER X.

GO TO DITCHING ON THE WABASH CANAL—SOON EXCHANGE CANAL DIGGING FOR DEER HUNTING —CATCH A BILOUS FEVER—A SHARP FIGHT WITH A DEER IN THE WATER—TREATED TO A COLD BATH—FEVER LEAVES—THOUGHTS ON HYDROPATHY AND VENTILATION.

IN the year 1838, finding it rather difficult to maintain my family on the products of the almost unbroken forest, I responded to a call from the Erie and Wabash Canal Company for assistance in their laborious enterprise. Myself and brother went to a place where they were working the canal, and hired out as day laborers. It was always rather more congenial to my feelings to have other people work, where I was expected to dictate, than for me to labor under another's dictation. Whenever I found myself in this situation I was usually not very slow in devising some plan of shifting the unwelcome yoke. I soon learned from some of the men that had been working on the canal considerably longer than myself, that the deer were in the habit of coming into the river at night to drink, I asked them why some of their number did not shoot them. The reply was, that no one was skillful enough with the gun to shoot by moonlight. I now deter-

mined to prove my skill to my laboring comrades before many moonlight nights should expire.

The following night my brother and myself got a canoe, and waited along the edge of the river until long after dark, when we heard the deer coming into the water. I placed a light in the bow of the boat, and standing behind it, steered the craft. I could see the deer some two hundred yards distant, but we glided so smoothly and quietly up to the place where they were feeding on the green herbage that they did not notice our approach. When near enough I shot, killing sometimes one and sometimes two before they could leave the water.

At one time we came upon two old bucks, near Gerty's Island, that were feeding quietly on the green herbage in the water. My brother was steering, and I stood with my hand on my gun, ready to shoot as soon as the most favorable opportunity should present itself. They did not stir from their seemingly fixed position until we approached within a rod of them, then I shot one, and plied with double energy the oars until we reached the spot where the buck fell. Just as we neared it he sprung to his feet and started for the shore. As he was passing the boat, I sprung upon his back and clinched him by the horns. The water was not quite so favorable a place for fighting with a sturdy buck as terra firma and the brave little animal soon had the best

TROOP OF DEER.

of the bargain, getting me underneath his feet and giving me such a drubbing as I never got from man or beast, before or since. However, I did not let go my hold about the horns, and in process of time found myself again in the ascendency, and then treated the little offender to an immersion in the waves in return for the civil compliment that he had paid me. I held his head under the water until he drowned. My brother now came up with the boat, and took us both in, after the engagement was ended, quite to my relief, having myself submitted to rather a longer immersion in cold water than is prescribed by the most approved system of hydropathy.

By this time, as we continued our hunts from evening to evening, we discovered that our sport was becoming more profitable than our daily labor, and we rather eased off on the work and redoubled our energy in hunting. We could sell all the deer we could catch to the workmen for meat, and carry the skins to Fort Defiance, where they found a ready market. We were very successful for a while, killing from one to five in a night; but the evening exercise, or marsh miasma, or both combined, had not a very salutary effect on my health, for I was very suddenly and violently attacked with bilous fever. The shanty in which we found our board and lodgings was not very commodious, even when well, but then we did not so seriously feel the inconvenience, but when tor-

tured with pain and burning with fever the close quarters became very uncomfortable. My brother paid me unceasing attention, until at length it terminated in ague, when I did not require so constant watching. As soon as my brother could leave me, he went out again for the purpose of killing deer, alone, and returned stating that he had shot the largest buck he ever saw! He said he was standing on the bank when he shot, and he did not know whether he had hit the buck or not. I had a dog that was well trained for deer, and my brother wanted, if I felt able to ride, that I should take my dog and get into the canoe, and go to the place where the deer was shot and render him such assistance as I could in his capture.

We proceeded together down the stream until we came to the designated spot, then sent the dog ashore. He soon assured us that the deer had been wounded. We remained in our boat, just where we sent the dog ashore, until we heard him returning with the monstrous deer, who immediately jumped into the river closely pursued by the dog. Our canoe which had been moored against the shore was now immediately launched upon the current, and we followed as swiftly as possible in the rear; but the water being very shallow, and the bottom solid, the deer could wade while the dog was obliged to swim; and such low water was not at all favorable to rapid rowing.

While following the deer at our utmost speed,

the boat struck against a rock, rising abruptly from the bottom, and threw me overboard into the river, precipitating me rather violently to the bottom. At this juncture the deer made for shore, the dog closely following it. I called to my brother to pursue the deer, and not abandon the chase to look for me. I made my way to the shore as best I could. Soon the dog and deer entered the river below me, and both commenced swimming down stream. My brother returned for our guns, which had been left on shore at the time our canoes were moored. At last they came upon another shallow place in the river, when the deer could wade and the dog had to swim. The ingenious buck understood the advantage of his position, and stopped and waited until the dog came up and then gave him rather of an uncomfortable ducking in the waves beneath. I saw that the poor dog's life was in danger, and determined to venture for his relief, as what hunter would not for a faithful dog. I did not reach them before my services were needed, for ere I could effect his release from the firmly set hoof of the deer, the poor little fellow was nearly drowned. He swam, however, safely to a rock that rose above the surface of the water, and was again resuscitated, while I took his place and for a while battled with the craggy bottom and the pelting hoofs of the infuriated deer.

I soon felt my strength rapidly failing, and needed help, if ever in my life. I called on my faithful dog, and he that is so fortunate as to have a good dog, will never find himself wanting a friend in time of danger. He sprung at once upon the jaded buck, catching him by the nose. I renewed my grip at the horns, and at length between the persevering energy of the dog, and my own tact, for strength I had not at that time, we treated the feverish deer to a cold bath, and held its head under water until quite dead.

My brother had returned by this time, and seeing our perilous situation swam for our relief. I swam to shore alone, and my brother swam carrying the deer along with him. We fastened a line to the deer, and towed him along to the shanty where we were boarding.

We then dressed the deer, and after he was dressed, he weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds!—the largest one I ever knew caught in Ohio; their common weight being from eighty to a hundred and twenty pounds. The news of this capture ran along the canal line with almost the rapidity of telegraphing, and we were applied to for meat by different contractors, with very much of the assurance that all deers would be large, if *we* killed them.

The times then were very hard for provisions, especially meat, and such a thing as wheat bread was almost unheard of; the principal diet being

corn-mush fried in grease, and full of worms at that.

This book will doubtless fall into the hands of some who are living witnesses to the truth of this statement.

After this, I recovered my health very rapidly, and my brother and myself abandoned day labor, and applied ourselves, assiduously to the catching of deer, which were at the time quite numerous. I never since then have doubted the virtue of cold water, or its ability to cure ague or any bilious difficulty—though in this particular, I am decidedly of the opinion that "an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." I believe, however that if water were judiciously used, or applied to the person in such a manner as to keep perfectly clean the pores of the skin, with a sufficient amount of healthful outdoor exercise to keep the organs of the body in a healthful condition, bilious fever and ague would be unheard of.

Another thing I will here speak of. Our section of the globe has been represented as a bilious country,—and I can recollect when fever and ague, and the Maumee River, were so intimately associated in my imagination, that I could not think of one without involuntary thoughts of the other. But I wish to join issue with such of my readers as still retain the opinion last expressed, by giving, as my unequivocal opinion, that there is not a more healthful climate on the globe:—

that consumption is almost unheard of in our midst, and many families, suffering so frequently and so acutely from bilious attacks, have no need to go out of their own bedrooms to find the cause. And if you will allow me to express my sentiments in my own homely language, I should say, we are more troubled with bilious bedrooms than a bilious climate. To my certain knowledge, many families will occupy sleeping apartments from fall until spring, without ever allowing a single breath of fresh air to enter them.

I will not, however, presume to doubt the intelligence of my readers, by entering upon a lengthy exposition of the subject of air, and showing the poisonous and deleterious effects of air that has been inhaled and exhaled several times, upon the human system, and how totally unfit it must then be for the purposes of respiration. Just think of living in a room where the thick, fetid, poisonous atmosphere of three months' confinement exists, and the many thousand exhalations are never exchanged for one breath of the pure, sweet air of heaven! I have stood the exposure of many hunting campaigns, where the cold, bronzed earth was my bed, and the dews were distilled pure and healthful right from heaven upon my head, until my locks were dripping with moisture, and never in all the time did I feel the slightest symptom of fever or ague; but I could not endure the mock miasma of one close-

ly confined cooking establishment, where unsavory odors commingled with many breaths, combined to render the atmosphere a "stench in the nostrils," for three weeks, before my system would become exceedingly bilious.

Now in our own favored land of America, there are a great many crying sins. Among the foremost of these, may be reckoned American Slavery, which to-day we can only count among "the things that were;" but the faint echo is still reverberating through the land, of the once loud, and piteous wail, that so long rent the heavens, coming from the distressed victims of the slave power. There is another scarcely less piteous moan to-day filling the heavens, from the fifty thousand who die annually the victims of intemperance; and next to these two greatest of abominations, I do not believe there now exists a more heinous sin than this wholesale suicide and homicide that we are daily committing.

Our churches, school-rooms, theatres, workshops, sitting-rooms, sleeping apartments, and every haunt of pleasure or usefulness, are too often made the secret agents of poisoning our systems, undermining our constitutions, and slowly, but surely destroying our lives, in the way of impure and unhealthy air. What plea shall we render the world, or our heavenly Father, for this destruction of the priceless jewel that he has to our keeping trusted? Will He accept ignorance as

an excuse for such a crime, when the light of science is burning its way to every sentient creature, by means of books, papers, pamphlets, lectures, and even common observation? Ah, "none so blind as they that wont see." Let us lay aside the tinselings of fashion, and adorn our minds with a little of *useful* knowledge. Let us spend a little of the money so foolishly squandered for the trappings of fashion, and furnish our homes with some instructive manual of health;—not a receipt book, to tell you how to prepare a thousand invaluable remedies for disease, but one that points out the path where disease dare not lurk. Then may we confidently expect our days to be "threescore years and ten," and possibly by reason of strength, they will be fourscore. Then "there shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days." And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat; for as the days of a tree, so are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER TRIP TO THE SWAMP TO HUNT FOR COON —HEAVY SNOW—ILL SUCCESS—FORM NEW ACQUAINTANCES—CHASE FOR DEER—TENACITY OF LIFE EVIDENCE OF WITCHCRAFT—GREAT TIME HUNTING COON—A DUTCHMAN INITIATED—ANOTHER WINTER'S HUNT PLANNED—CATCH ALL SORTS OF GAME—A NEGRO HUNTER—ANOTHER TRIP TO THE SWAMP FOR COON—THEIR HABITS—THE WOODCHUCK.

In February, 1846, I went again to the swamp with Madge and Bill in pursuit of coon. Soon after my arrival, there came a heavy fall of snow, which entirely stopped the coon from running. I remained in the woods several days without killing as much game as kept myself and dogs liberally supplied with meat.

Prosperity in business, I care not what that business is, is the best stimulant to keep our spirits from depression; and if it is only hunting, a lively and successful chase will enable the weary hunter to lie down in the midst of the dense forest, with no companions but his dogs and lifeless game, and exult in the comforts of his situation; whereas the approximate bankrupt merchant may retire from his counting-room, to recline on "downy beds of ease," and there toss restlessly

from side to side of his velvet couch, recounting naught but the miseries and vexations that surround and envelop him.

I had experienced several days' ill success, and each evening retired to my camp a little more depressed in spirit than on the former one. The fourth evening, I think I really had what people now-a-days denominate, "the blues." I was very dejected, and thought myself almost inconsolable. I remained, watching my camp-fire for about the space of two hours. I gazed steadily upon the blazing faggots, and descried monsters of every variety; in fact, I worked myself up to a pitch of suffering quite intolerant. I must do something to get rid of my thoughts. But where should I go? what companionship should I seek there in that "Dismal swamp?" But I was never slow in arriving at expedients,—and my tact served me admirably in this instance.

There was a stranger who had moved into the woods that winter, about two miles from my camp, and though I had never seen him, I thought I could find his house, and the sight of a human face would act like a magic in dispelling the vapors that had gathered over my imagination. It was eight o'clock in the evening when I reached his domicil, and before the hands on the old-fashioned dial pointed out the hour of ten, I had quite forgotten my insufferable mental agonies, and was happy and contented.

The situation pleased me so much better than camping alone, that I hired my board with the rustic old gentleman, and remained until the weather became more favorable for hunting, and then took the ruralizer with me on a chase. Now the chase I am going to describe is rather peculiar in some of its characteristics, and to the casual reader may bear something of the character of fiction; but in this work I have dealt substantially in facts, and shall not deviate from them in this sketch.

The first game that we pursued, was deer. I shot a very large buck, what we hunters called a "gut shot." It makes them very sick, but does not affect them mortally. The buck lay down, and I shot him again, this time the ball passing through the neck. He then sprung upon his feet and attempted to run, but could make but little headway. I pursued and overtook him, and after laying him flat upon his side, cut his throat from ear to ear, and held him there awhile to bleed. Then I let him go, and he immediately got up and started to walk! The man that was with me said, "If he can walk after this, we will profit by this means of getting him home;" so we each cut a little brush and stepped up to him, and commenced whipping him. He gave a bound and started at his usual pace, and we had to take his track and follow him for several miles. Now the windpipe and jugular veins were entirely cut off,

still he breathed as naturally through the severed orifice as in health. At last we came in sight of him. I shot again, the ball entering his left eye. He started to run again, but the man that was with me, stopped him with a ball in the other eye, when the exhausted animal lay down and instantly expired.

My partner in the affair, now said it was a witch in the form of a deer, and he would have nothing to do either with the dressing or eating of the game. But I had been effectually cured of witchcraft when young, and heartily enjoyed a piece of the roasted venison after the protracted chase was concluded.

After this good fortune I returned to my camp, quite able to bear the ills of life uncomplainingly and alone for a season. The snow being favorable for tracking, I started in pursuit of bear. Soon I came on track of one. We routed him, but the dogs could not stop him. We followed him to a log which I discovered to be inhabited by bees. I then gave up the chase, and went to work gathering the honey. I had nothing to put it in but a large cotton handkerchief.

I tied it up full of the nicest quality of honey, and returned to my camp. I lived very well now for a few days; but then the bread-stuff gave out, and I commenced thinking about home; but I had made nothing by this expedition, and did not

much fancy the idea of going home with an empty pocket.

About nine miles from here, lived a Dutchman, whom I called upon as I was going home. He was a very clever fellow, and it being rather late in the day, after having enjoyed a social chat for an hour, he proposed that I should stay all night with him. As this prospect was rather more inviting than camping in the woods, I had no reason for objecting, and accordingly made myself at home for the night. The next morning looked very favorable for hunting coon, and the honest Dutchman says, "You no go home dish day; but takes me mit you in de woods, and fights coon. Den I gibs you half we catch." I told him I had no bread. "You eats my pread, and drinks my peer, vile you stays," was the reply.

As the offer was full as generous as I could ask, I accepted the proposition. So we started for the swamp. We caught four coon while on our way. The next day we caught one coon, one wild cat, and one deer; and the Dutchman said "Dat vash very goot luck a catchin dat wild cat afore he catch us." The weather now changed, so that the coon did not run, and we went to hunting deer. This was not according to the most approved system of hunting, but our dogs were old, and already knew so much of everything, that it was

hard spoiling them, so we concluded to let them follow whatever game was most numerous.

That day I killed five deer, and several turkeys; but at that time there was little profit in deer, and the weather was moderating. The next day we renewed the hunt in favor of coon. Mr. Dutchman went one way, and myself another. I gave him Bill, which was my favorite coon dog; but I had faithful Madge, and my chances were as good with him as they could be with any dog. After catching four coon, and being on the track of more, I heard Madge bark a great way off. I immediately left the coon trail and started for the new contest, for I knew by the noise that a bear was treed.

Long before I got to them, I heard Bill barking, too, in the same place. This fully satisfied my opinion that a bear was treed, for they had a bark peculiar to that kind of game, which they never gave on any other occasion. When I got there, I found them barking near a hollow tree, which had a small hole at the root just large enough for a coon to enter. Soon the Dutchman came, puffing and blowing, and when he saw the hole in the tree, said, "We gits coon plenty now; here Madge and Pill, you just stand pack, vile I cuts him down;" and just as the ax was raised for a ponderous blow at the tree, the unfortunate inmate stuck out an immense paw, which proved to be the fore foot of a bear. The Dutchman's ax

WILD TURKEY.

fell heavily upon it, and the luckless bear was thereby deprived of the right arm of power. The Dutchman going close to the hole says, "Now I scratch mit you." The bear next presentedher face to the hole, and Madge unceremoniously set his teeth firmly about the nose. The bear thereupon gave unparalleled shrieks, and signs of torture, but the merciless Madge would not let go his hold, until the victim gave over roaring and plunging, and lay down quietly in his cage. Then Madge obyed his new dictator, and retired a few feet from the tree, while the inflated Dutchman vigorously wielded the ax, saying, "You lies still, Madge—soon I prings him out."

The bear now endeavored to climb up the inside of the tree, but finding herself minus a very important member, could make but poor headway. When the Dutchman had made the hole large enough, I went up, and when she raised up to look at me, I shot her in the head, which proved effectual. When we took her out of the tree, there were two young ones with her, one she had killed in the fight, the other we saved alive. My Dutch friend had caught three coon before he came to me, and we continued hunting very successfully for a few days, redeeming the time we had lost. We caught a large number of coon, and found a hundred weight of honey. The Dutchman's brother came with a team and carried home the proceeds of our hunt.

This trip was attended with poor success, and I was obliged to go home little profited. The winter being nearly spent, I did not return any more that season, but went to work instead, on my little farm, and found thus far, the summer season much the more profitable for business.

CHAPTER XII

A CAMPAIGN FOR COON AND DEER—FORM A HUNTING CO-PARTNERSHIP—CATCH A BEAR—AN AFRICAN HUNTER—A LUCKY SHOT—HABITS OF COON.

AFTER the excursion mentioned in the preceding chapter I did not hunt much for a few years, but attended more carefully to the affairs of my farm. But when money began to be scarce, and hard to get, I knew one commodity that never failed to bring the useful article without compromise. So in the fall I commenced my arrangements for a winter's campaign in the woods with the wild animals. I had a friend by the name of Radabaugh, with whom I entered into a co-partnership, and we spent the winter in the woods together very agreeably.

We commenced hunting coon and deer, it being too early in the season for bear. One night while we were hunting for coon, Mr. R. and myself sat down on a log and waited for our dogs to pursue their game alone. Soon our attention was attracted by the loud barking of our dogs, which plainly told us something more than coon were the object of the chase. There was a great deal of water in the woods at that time, and the ice

was frozen just enough to induce both dogs and game to venture on it, only to be let down in the water. There had been a hard race during the day after a wounded deer, and Bill was lying weary and exhausted at our feet. The other dogs were making a great outcry, and my friend Radabaugh, and Bill and myself, joined in the chase. When we heard them coming, Radabaugh said to me, "It is an old buck and a smaller deer," but a little closer observation showed us that it was a large bear. She came to where we were standing, when Bill sprung at her and she went up a tree. The night was clear and cold, the moon was shining beautifully, and defined the position of our game almost as distinctly as day-light could have done. It was so very cold that I requested my friend to shoot, but he preferred conferring the honor upon me. After we stopped running, we very soon felt the effects of the cold weather. However this was an opportunity not to be lost, and I commenced running and jumping to regain the use of my hands and feet, and then, aiming directly at the enormous head of the bear, cut off a full quarter-inch of her right ear. I then took my friend's gun that was loaded and drew again, and a little more seriously injured her ear. She then made a rapid descent upon her enemies, and I planted myself firmly at the foot of the tree, to await her arrival. Before she reached the ground, Radabaugh shot at her

with a pistol, but missing his aim, the infuriated animal ascended to the top of the tree.

I then told my friend that I believed I could shoot her through the heart, and accordingly drew another aim. The ball proved effectual, and brought the heroic beast from the tree lifeless. We were now about two miles from camp, and the game to be carried was rather heavy; we tied it to a pole and placed it on our shoulders; but it was like shouldering a pig in the morning, and having it grow to be a full-sized hog before night! Mr. R. not being quite so accustomed to the chase and labors attendant thereupon as myself, did not endure all this fatigue undisturbed. We had not accomplished more than half the distance, before our burden became rather grievous, and my friend was obliged to rest every twenty or thirty rods. At last he gave out entirely, and declared he would go no further with it, and laid it down and seated himself upon it to rest. He said we should leave it there until morning. I replied I should eat a piece of that bear before I slept. He said he could carry it no further. I told him then I could carry it alone. After resting awhile, I shouldered the bear and proceeded a few rods, but it was rather more of a burden than I was able to bear very far, and Mr. R. again came to my assistance. We reached the camp about midnight.

My companion being utterly exhausted, stretched himself upon the ground, and was soon in the enjoyment of tired Nature's sweet restorer. I dressed the bear, and when I had some of the meat nicely roasted, awakened my companion, who, rousing himself from his slumbers, enjoyed with me a portion of the delicious game. We then both lay down and rested until morning, which was not far off. After this, we hunted a few more days for coon, and having obtained as many furs as we could carry, started for home. I found an anxious wife and seven children there to welcome me, and these re-unions were often quite affecting.

Before closing this chapter, I will tell my readers of the lucky capture of an old "Residenter" bear, for which I had wearied myself in the chase more than once,—though the writer of these sketches was not the fortunate one to be benefited by this truly valuable prize. His tragical death occurred on this wise. In the fall after I had the chase for him, four sportsmen came into the swamp to hunt, and brought with them what they denominated "a darkey," to cook. They armed their dusky comrade with an old musket, and allowed him to improve his leisure time in such amusements as best suited his taste.

They remained several days, and with their best endeavors, were unsuccessful in catching game. They had finally concluded to pull up

stakes and move; but before they started, they decided to take one more small hunt. So the darkey, after his part of the work was finished, took the aforesaid musket and went near a place where the deer were in the habit of going for water. He stationed himself at a convenient distance and awaited their approach. While watching very assiduously, he saw something quite unlike a deer approaching the spot, and then it was lost in the thicket. He was somewhat alarmed, but pacified his fears by telling himself that it was but a cow, or some "udder 'mestic animal;" but soon it emerged from the thicket, and came and sat down on a log close by where the Negro was standing, and looked at him with invincible gravity. The poor Negro was now in a dilemma. He dared not shoot for fear of missing his aim, and he dare not run, lest he should be pursued by one more fleet of foot than himself.

The terrified darkey debated the question with his courage and fears for some time, and at last determined to shoot, as the best alternative. The gun was fired, he did not wait to watch the result, but as soon as he heard the report, thought to set double guard over his life,—a bold flight in front and a rear-guard of nimble heels. When he reached the camp he found one huntsman, and he soon roused the others up. When assembled, the darkey in breathless terror told them the

story of his adventure;—that he "had seen suthin dreffful in de woods;" that it was "large as a hoss, and black as a nigger," and he thought it must be "de Debil hissef!"

They then asked him if he shot it.

"Oh mercy, yes; I was so feered I couldn't help."

"Where did you kill it?"

"Dun no; sars. I nebber looked."

"Where did you leave him?"

"Out dar, in de big woods."

"Go and show us the spot where you left him."

"Golly, no; if it be de Debil, he git dis nigger, sure, if he see him any more."

"Go long, you fool you; the Devil wouldn't have you."

"Oh, mercy, sars; he's been tryin ebery way to git me, eber since I know'd him; he want dis darkey, sure."

But the hunters, more interested about gaining possession of the valuable game, than concerned about the relationship between Sambo and the aforesaid personage, had already got him several rods in the direction indicated by the narrative, and could now succeed only in making him follow, pointing out the direction, while they boldly led the way.

At last they came to the designated spot, and there could easily be traced by the blood of his victim, the evil spirit Sambo so much dreaded.

After this, they no longer needed the services of their terror-stricken guide, but left him to seek protection in the hollow of a tree, while they pursued their game. They had only to follow it a short distance, before they came upon the bear, stone dead. Then they returned and drew the trembling negro from his hiding place, by telling him of the wonderful exploit he had performed, he came forth dancing and skipping and saying, "Tought dis darkey git de start of dat old feller some day!"

Upon examination, it was found to be the same old residenter that had so often been chased before, but had evaded the most vigilent pursuit of the white man. It was so heavy, that they could not carry it into their camp until they got their horses to haul it. They offered the darkey sixty dollars for his game, but he wouldn't take it. Its weight was six hundred and forty-seven pounds, and it yielded fifteen gallons of pure oil!

In the year 1847, I made another trip to the swamp, my object at this time being coons. I had now a set of dogs trained for hunting these little animals by day-light. This may appear a little odd to some of my readers, who are accustomed to hunt them only in the night; but dogs can be so trained that they will follow on their trail only in the day-time. This is done by going out in the morning before day-light, and continuing to tree them until after day-light. Con-

tinue in this way for some time, hunting each morning a little later, and they will soon hunt them all day, by smelling along the trail where the coon have run at night. Now this is much the best way to hunt them, for then you always tree them in hollow trees, which are more easily cut, and less valuable,—whereas if you tree them in the night, they are as likely to run up a sound tree as a hollow one; and more than this, in treeing them in hollow trees, there are usually to be found more than one in a tree, and when the tree is cut by day-light, it is easy to catch them; but in the night there is quite a probability of their escaping and running up another tree.

I have sometimes had to cut six or eight trees to catch a single coon. But when you hunt in the day-time, you always find them in a hole; and they will not go out until you disturb them.

Perhaps I cannot tell you anything you do not already know about the nature of the coon, for it inhabits all parts of the United States, and there is rarely a school-boy twelve years old, that has not killed many a one. But you may have never noticed that they subsist principally on snakes in the summer season. They will also eat frogs, crabs, grasshoppers, various insects, and even small fowl. In the winter they eat acorns, beechnuts, and corn. When there is much snow on the ground, they will remain in their holes for weeks, and even months, without ever tasting food.

It has been said by some naturalists that they remain in a torpid state during these months; but this is not so. I have caught them at all times of winter, and always found them awake and ready for a fight. But the woodchuck, sometimes known as the ground-hog, will lay apparently lifeless from the first of November until the first of February. At this time they always go out and hunt their mates, and then go back and stay about one month longer.

One day, in the month of January, I went to where I knew there was an old ground-hog holed up. When they establish themselves in winter quarters, they always close up the entrance to their domicil. I dug them out, and thought they were dead. I took them home to save their hides, and was going to skin them, when my mother told me they were not dead, but were what were called "the seven sleepers."

I cut one's head off and saw him gasp a little. The blood in him was as cold as the ground from whence he was taken. The other I put into a barrel and watched him carefully from day to day. I still believed him to be dead, until the second day of February, when true to the old legend, he became perfectly lifelike and commenced gnawing the barrel to get out. They are an animal that subsists entirely upon vegetable food, while they will not taste of flesh.

I must tell you one thing more about the coon.

It always judges the quality of its food by the sense of feeling. It will never taste of food until it has first felt it carefully with its paw, and after that, never examines it either by smelling or vision; while most animals judge entirely by smelling.

CHAPTER XIII

ANOTHER TRIP TO THE SWAMP—A DOG ENGAGEMENT—KILL A LARGE CATAMOUNT—COURAGE OF A DOG—CAPTURE A BEAR—CARRY A BEAR TEN MILES ON MY SHOULDER—TAKE ANOTHER BEAR—SELL THE BEARS FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS—THIS TRIP PROVES A DAMAGE TO MY HITHERTO STRONG CONSTITUTION.

ON this occasion, as I was making preparations for a bear hunt, I concluded that I had not quite dogs enough, so I went to my brother-in-law and asked him if he would let me take his dog. He replied that he would, though he did not know how he would succeed in a bear chase, as he was entirely unaccustomed to such sport; but he had never yet been whipped by anything but man, and he would risk him with a bear. His name was Turk, and as I shall have occasion to refer to him several times during my story, I thought it best to have him formally introduced to the reader.

He was a large, strong, and sinewy dog, but good-natured and agreeable in his manners, unless molested or imposed upon—then he was ferocious and revengeful.

One special reason I had in desiring his services in this campaign, was, that I had to pass a house on my road to the swamp, where lived a

very wealthy farmer who always kept a large number of dogs, among which was a very ferocious bull dog (whether these were kept to guard his money or property, I never learned). But they were very annoying to the traveler, especially if he, too, had dogs. On several occasions they had come out and declared war against my dogs, and generally came off victorious. I determined this time to give them their equal. My hounds were so very afraid that they would not venture an inch from my side. The old bull dog came out as usual, and Turk met him with undaunted courage. The bull dog at once looked doubtful, and would not make the attack. Turk would never attack another dog first unless told to do so. I saw that we were likely to pass in peace, and not having sufficiently forgotten the insult of former occasions, a feeling of revenge at once rose in my breast; for an insult offered a dog is always an offense to his master. I turned to Turk and told him to "bite him!" Turk, always willing to obey such commands, grabbed him with his immense jaws about the throat, and commenced shaking him violently. His adversary was rendered almost helpless by the superior advantage gained by Turk, but rallied all his power to resist his foe. Sometimes he would succeed in regaining his feet, then Turk would throw him again. The farmer chanced to observe what was passing, and hastened in maddened terror to obtain revenge. He came close

CATAMOUNT WATCHING FOR DEER.

up to the dogs and was brandishing the club in his hand wherewith he intended to destroy their lives. But I met him in the way and told him they belonged to me. I then turned round and spoke to Turk, who relinquished his hold of the bull dog. As soon as the latter had time to regain his self-complacency he followed his master to the house considerably humbled, and, I hope, improved in disposition and manners. The hounds stood by at a little distance and looked on, and I think enjoyed the sport. After all was over we proceeded on our way to the swamp,—Turk and the hounds rather exultingly.

We reached the swamp just at dark, and lay down by the side of a log to sleep. Just before day-light the next morning, I heard a noise, the sound very much resembling that of a person in distress. Bill immediately hastened to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and I followed as rapidly as I could, accompanied by Turk and the other dogs. I had plucked a brand from the burning fire before starting, and now built another fire and lay down under the tree until day-light. When I looked up in the tree I saw not a bear, but a large catamount—the largest one I had ever seen.

I now saw that he was getting uneasy, and would come down soon. I thought this was a good opportunity for initiating Turk into the mysteries of hunting, so I took the hounds and Bill to a little

distance and tied them, and watched for the catamount to come down. At length he descended, and Turk met him at the foot of the tree. The encounter was indeed terrific, but Turk proved himself equal to the occasion. The snow was very soon covered with blood, and it was for some moments doubtful which of the combatants would prove victorious. At length it was clearly decided in favor of the gallant Turk—the catamount making an unconditional surrender.

I now concluded that Turk would be perfectly safe with *a bear*, and before long had an excellent opportunity of testing his skill in that kind of fighting. In the contest with the catamount he was considerably scratched and otherwise injured, but had no deep wounds. This catamount measured six feet in length, and had immense paws.

I then went back to my place of stopping for the night, and cooked my breakfast, gathered up my traps, proceeded a few miles further in the swamp and built me a temporary habitation, and then started on a bear chase.

I very soon found a track, and pursued it. As yet Turk knew nothing at all of bear, but he soon gave good evidence that he would not be very slow in learning. In tracking a bear, Bill was always the regulator to tell us when the bear was gone from his bed, and as soon as he smelled him he would start. He now went along for some rods, his nose close upon the trail; presently he

started upon a full gallop, and the other dogs after him, I bringing up the rear. Soon they commenced barking loudly, which convinced me that they had him treed. I now made my way to the spot as rapidly as possible, but when the bear saw me approaching he immediately came down to the ground. Turk met him at the foot of the tree in the same manner he had the catamount, but he soon found himself embraced by arms more potent than the catamount's. But the other dogs were at work, and Turk endured the violent caressing as amiably as was profitable under the circumstances. The only indignation shown was a violent grip at the bear's nose. This is an indignity which a bear cannot endure without great expressions of pain, and the halloo that he gave was almost deafening!

Bill had the bear by one hind leg, and succeeded in removing that means of support from under him. These extreme annoyances caused the bear to loosen his grasp, and Turk succeeded in making good his escape from so passionate an embrace; yet he did not retreat, but planted himself firmly before the bear. His exasperated foe raised his fore foot and gave Turk a violent rap against the side of the head which brought him to the ground, and then turned with redoubled energy upon Bill. But this was nothing new to Bill; for he had learned in many a previous contest how to meet such civilities, and he could ward off the

blows with perfect safety. Turk, too, was soon ready for service again, and surrounded with so many antagonists the bear concluded his safest retreat was in the tree top. This would have been a very secure asylum but for old killall, the only passive enemy when on the ground, and the only dangerous one when in the tree top. With unswerving fidelity it brought the bear to the ground, yielding him an easy victim to its coadjutors.

Soon after the chase last described, I started for another bear hunt, taking along with me my old friend Radabaugh as partner. We went to my old camp, and upon our arrival on the ground found it previously occupied by some hunters who had stopped there to rendezvous. They were hunting coon and our object was bear. We asked them if they had seen any signs of bear since they had been in the woods. They said they had, but declined giving any further information on the subject, unless we would take them along as partners. I replied that so many having an interest in the spoils would so diminish the profits as to make it of little account to any one; but they were persistent in their request to share the sport with us, and it was finally agreed that one of the men should go along with us.

Early the next morning we started for the bear site, which was about six miles from our camp. We traveled until about noon when my friend Radabaugh abandoned the chase, saying he was

no match for myself and Myers, which was the name of the stranger who had joined us. Myers was counted a great traveler, and Radabaugh knew me of old, and although he was a very skillful hunter, he was rather too short-geared and fleshy to keep up with me in a bear chase. Myers and myself still kept in search of the bear track, until at last we came upon the trail of a small one.

We soon routed the bear from his hiding place, and before long the dogs had him treed. When we came to the tree, I told Myers I wanted to bring him down from there alive, and give the dogs a chance for another fight, for this was a favorable opportunity for training them. At that time I could shoot an eye out of a bear with almost perfect certainty, from the top of the highest tree; so this time I thought I would only graze its nose enough to make it a little furious, and then he would descend upon the dogs for revenge. The ball pierced the flesh just as I intended it should, and the bear came rushing down to wreak his vengeance upon his exultant foes. Turk met him at the base of the tree just as he always did, and there followed an open field and fair fight; for some time it was doubtful how the contest would end; sometimes one appeared in the ascendency and sometimes the other, but at last Turk gained the advantage of power, and biting the bear fiercely in the breast, held him securely until the ferocious little animal expired.

We were about twelve miles from camp and it was night. Myers said we would hang it up and come after it some other time. I replied, it must go to the camp that night or I should stay with it; for the snow was leaving very rapidly, and before we could return for it the snow would be gone, so that we could not find it; and the little time the snow did remain I wanted to improve in catching the large bear, whose track we had seen the previous day. Accordingly I shouldered the bear and we proceeded on our journey. I carried it about two miles and halted, and laying down my burden, proposed to Myers to carry it awhile. He sat down and I mounted it upon his shoulders and we started again.

We had only gone about twenty rods when Myers gave out! He said he could carry it no further if we lost it entirely; and once more proposed leaving it until some more favorable opportunity for getting it to camp. I replied that the bear should be taken into camp that night, skinned and dressed; and I would eat a piece of it before I slept. Myers said if I would do all that, I was welcome to it, and could have it all, and he would not take any part, for he certainly was not able to do it. I told him I was willing to work according to my strength, and he should have a share just the same.

At half past one o'clock we reached the camp, Myers completely exhausted. He lay down immediately to rest, and I, after having carried the

bear over ten miles of the route, dressed it, cooked some of its ribs, ate my supper and retired just a few minutes before four o'clock. I slept until six and got up and was ready for the big track I had seen the day before.

This was Sunday morning, and my friend Radabaugh was a member of the Disciple church, and Myers belonged to the Methodist; but as for myself I respected no particular day, although a member of the Disciple church. I believed that the "Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," and if I found a favorable opportunity for making a good bargain, or doing a day's work to any profit, the Sabbath was seldom any hindrance. But although I felt very little respect for the day itself, I always respected the opinion of others, and would not ask them to violate it. So I did not ask either of my companions to join me in the chase, but only asked them if they would allow me to take their dogs. They replied that they would.

I now shouldered my gun, and with a little provision in my knapsack, and my dogs by my side, started for the chase. I had only proceeded a few rods, when one of them called to me and said he did not like to see me go off alone, and said he would accompany me. We accordingly went on until about noon before we found any track; then we started a bear, and the dogs and ourselves followed it at a rapid rate. After following it sev-

eral miles we heard the dogs barking violently. This was a signal that the bear was either treed or cornered. We hastened to where the sound proceeded from, and found in the top of a tall sycamore the largest bear we had caught that summer. I reached the tree first, and set down and waited until Radabaugh came up. We were both very tired, and rested a few minutes, then I told him to shoot. He did so making a dead shot the first time. The weather had been moderating all day, and the snow disappearing very rapidly.

We then undertook to draw the bear into camp, by means of bark, but as it was nearly night, and as both of us were exhausted we lay down by the side of our game and slept until morning. Then we had to draw our game into camp on bare ground.

This was the most fatiguing march I had ever taken, and before many months I learned that that trip to the swamp had done me more injury than any previous chase I had ever taken. Soon after this I found myself broken in constitution and weighed down with years; and from the night that I carried the bear so many miles I have never been able to endure what I could before, without sensibly feeling it. After reaching camp we had to carry our bear five miles further before we could obtain the means of conveyance. The two bears netted us seventy-five dollars, but this was a poor recompense for the health and strength it cost.

RETURN HOME.

CHAPTER XIV.

NINE DAYS' STAY IN THE SWAMP—UNEXPECTED SUCCESS IN SMALL GAME—DOGS FIND A BEE-TREE—CHASE AND CAPTURE OF BEAR AND CUBS —PROCEEDS OF HUNT—RETURN HOME.

EARLY in the winter of 1848, I returned to my old hunting grounds in the swamps of Paulding and Putnam Counties, Ohio. I went to my old camp and made a place of deposit for my furs, and arranged as comfortable rendezvous as I could for myself. As soon as the arrangements were complete, I started for a hunt. The first day out, I found no bear, but caught one mink, a coon, and a turkey. This supplied me abundantly with camp-meat, of superior quality, and after feasting my healthful appetite on the choice dainties, I lay down by my camp-fires to enjoy a refreshing slumber,—having fully paid the price of a good night's rest, by the active exercises of the day. But my quiet sleeping was disturbed about midnight, by Bill, whose incessant industry, when coon were awake and stirring, never allowed him to sleep at the same time.

Bill came close to my face and commenced barking. I arose and followed him. He led me to a very large tree, and by his inimitable skill in

sign-making, succeeded in making me understand that his favorite game was in the tree-top. I built me a fire and lay down until morning. When day-light came, I looked up in the tree and saw two large coons. I immediately dislodged them from their elevated position by a shot from old killall, and carried them to my camp, feeling almost as exultant as Bill over the success; for I knew they would bring me a dollar apiece.

After cooking my breakfast, I started again, and soon found two more large coon. As I was returning to my camp, I heard the bark of one unruly dog that had slipped off by himself and was already in pursuit of deer. The rest commenced leaping, and skipping, anxious to be off; but I detained them at my side. Presently I saw the deer, and one decisive shot from old killall ended the chase. I now felt that Providence had really favored me, in sending me so much meat and wild honey to eat in the wilderness; for I must not forget to tell you that my dogs had accidentally discovered a bee-tree in which there were forty pounds of pure, white, honey, which I had placed in a trough, dug out for that purpose, and had carried also to my camp.

I drew the deer into the camp and dressed it. After sharing the meat with my dogs, we started out again on rather a miscellaneous search, for I had determined by this time to kill whatever presented itself for the interesting ceremony. We

had not gone far, until my dogs treed another coon. The tree was very large, and I thought I would not cut it; but the dogs were unwilling to leave it, and at length, yielding to their entreaties, the tedious operation was commenced. When the tree fell, the dogs ran immediately into its top, and soon had a large coon secure in their grasp. I saw another run out of the tree-top, and started in pursuit of that. I soon caught it, and went back to the dogs. I then took the two coons and went back to the camp, which was at no great distance. I did not go out any more that night, but stayed in my camp, ate plentifully of venison and honey, and lay down and slept soundly until morning.

When I awoke, and brushed the snow off from my face, I found that it was about two inches deep, which greatly facilitated the bear hunting. After eating our breakfast, I said to Madge and Bill, "We will now capture a bear!" I think they must have partially understood me, dogs though they were, for they started right off, and were soon following a bear track at no moderate pace. At last we came to where the bear was in ambush, and we started him, the dogs now showing the utmost of their ability for a chase. I followed them in the chase, well accoutered with gun, ax, butcherknife, and knapsack. At last I met Bill coming back very bloody. When he saw me, he made all the maneuvers requisite to

tell me they had treed the bear, and had come for me and killall to conclude the scene. He hastened back to the scene of conflict, and I followed as fast as possible. When I came in sight, the dogs that had been lying under the tree to rest, jumped up and commenced barking.

I went up to the tree and found a fine large bear in its top. I enjoyed the scene to my satisfaction for some minutes, and then brought him to the ground, and we returned to the camp. After carefully dressing my game, I proceeded to the more difficult task of preparing my evening meal, which consisted of johnnycake and meat.

I made my corn bread after a fashion peculiarly my own, placing it on a board in front of the fire to bake, and arranging a piece of the bear on forked sticks just above it, so that the drippings of the meat should fall on the unbaked bread, and thus supply it with shortening. When the frugal meal was eaten, I lay down by my fire to sleep, quite satisfied that a good day's work had been accomplished, and consequently slept in peace. The fifth day I went out again, and hunted all day and found nothing. I did not feel as contented on that evening as on the former one; but then I knew life was not made up entirely of successes, and I did not expect more than my share.

In the evening, I thought of the patient wife and little children at home, and realized if I

should at last become the prey of some wild beast, how indefinite must their knowledge ever be of the fate of the wild-woods hunter, around whose destiny so many interests lingered. But I was at length transported from such thoughts as these, to grand hunting expeditions, in dream-land, and did not become conscious of the fact that these were only flights of imagination, until the light was streaking the blackened heavens with gray, reminding me that it was time for a coon-hunter to be at his post.

I went out and caught three coons and one opossum. The seventh day was the Sabbath, and I stayed in my camp all day and fed upon roast venison, roast bear, roast turkey, corn-bread and honey. The next morning, the snow being nearly all gone on the highlands—but just right on the low land for tracking coon—I started with my dogs for that purpose. We soon found plenty of tracks, but they curved around in such indefinite circles, that it was impossible even for the sharp-scented Bill to determine their origin, or their end. They led over, and under, and around, a large log that lay at the foot of a big sycamore tree, and the dogs had many times mounted its summit, but at last Bill crept under and soon gave the significant yelp which told that the coon were found! I examined closely, and found a hole in the root of the tree where they entered. I then cut another just above it, and there I discovered

the coon. Bill was not slow now in bringing them to light. He went right into the hole and clinched first one and brought it out, then another, until the trick had been repeated no less than seven times! It would be needless to say that his hearty grasp was returned by one equally affectionate,—and that the faithful dog was sorely wounded and bleeding about the throat,—but he never complained, and the meek sufferer was ready for the next day's duty as early as if he had not been out skirmishing late the previous evening.

It was quite a satisfactory day's work to myself, and after dressing their hides and eating my frugal meal, I lay down by my camp fire, and slept soundly until morning.

It snowed again that night, which was very advantageous to my business. The next morning I said to my dogs, "We will have another bear to-day!" We now made straight for the bear marsh, which was about two miles distant, and there we found the tracks so thick it was hard again to distinguish one from another. At last I found one that led off from the rest, and discovered it to be the trail of a female and her cubs. I followed this until I came to their nest, when I routed them, and the dogs followed in quick pursuit. At last they succeeded in treeing one of the cubs, but they still followed on after the old bear and another cub. When they had left the

tree, the cub came down, and returning toward its nest, unfortunately met me in the way,—and a dog which I that day named Coward, having stayed behind in the chase, not having sufficient courage to attack the old bear, I thought to give a first lesson in cub-fighting. He started after him, but could not bear to leave me far behind in the chase. I saw him come up to him once in the chase, but the cub offered a little resistance to his incivilities, and Coward beat a hasty retreat; but the cub passed up a tree, which was just what I wanted. I soon brought him down from there, and left him lying on the ground, while I pursued the other bear.

I had not gone far when I heard the barking of the dogs, which assured me that their game was safe. When I came up I found they had got her stopped under a high log, while she kept her pursuers at bay with dextrous blows from her ponderous paw. When she saw me approaching, she made one bold grab at Madge; but Bill soon showed her he was somewhere there, too, and catching her by the hind leg, made her relinquish the grasp she had made upon Madge's sensitive olfactory. Madge was soon out of her reach, and Bill made good his escape, and the old bear went up a tree, which was just what I wanted. Old killall was so accustomed to bringing them down from such places, that I was never afraid of his fidelity, and soon the old bear came floundering down to the

ground. I now looked around for my dogs. All were there but Coward, which was quite astonishing,—as he was not in the habit of venturing far from the strongest side.

But as his services were not very important in time of danger, I did not trouble myself much about his safety, but cut a withe and fastened it in the nose of the bear and started back to the camp. When I came to the place where I left the cub, it was not to be found, but there was a trail and we followed it; and the sequel showed that the ball had only passed through the upper portion of the head, stunning it, and after a while it had come to, and started off. Coward, emboldened by its mangled appearance, had ventured to follow it at a respectful distance, and when from exhaustion it laid down to die, had helped it through the difficult ceremony by savagely biting it about the throat. I felt quite well satisfied with the last day's gain, and concluded now to return home with the spoils. I will here give an account of the proceeds of my hunt, for the nine days.

Caught fourteen coon, three bear, one deer, one mink, one opossum, and a turkey, and found about forty pounds of good honey. I afterward went to Fort Findlay with my furs. I there sold the old bear skin for $7.00. The other two bear skins for $8.00. The mink brought 50cts. The opossum, 15cts. And for the fourteen coon

skins, I got $12.25. For the deer skin I received 50cts. Making in all, $28.40. The turkey I ate myself, and the deer I divided between myself and dogs. The bear meat I carried home, and ate in my family. The oil amounted to about twenty dollars, so that the entire proceeds of my hunt were not less than sixty dollars. By this means, I yearly increased my little "earthly all," until it became a very comfortable reliance for my family.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER CRUISE FOR BEARS—TAKE A YOUNG GERMAN FOR COMPANY—PURSUE A BEAR—STOP FOR THE NIGHT WITH A STRANGE FAMILY—DREADFUL FIGHT WITH A LARGE SHE-BEAR—CAPTURE HER AND THREE LITTLE CUBS—TAKE THE CUBS HOME ALIVE—ANOTHER BEAR CHASE—ACCIDENT TO MY COMRADE—AN AWFUL NIGHT IN THE SWAMP—VEXED AND WEARY, RETURN HOME AGAIN.

IN February, 1848, I went again to my old hunting grounds for a bear hunt. About nine miles from there, I stopped and stayed all night with a German family; they were very clever and hospitable people. There was one young man in the family, and he proposed that I should take him with me on my hunting expedition. As it was rather dull camping in the woods alone, and he seemed like a brave, honest fellow, I saw no good reasons for objecting; accordingly it was agreed that he should go along for "axman." He was entirely inexperienced in the art of hunting, but very willing to do anything when told.

Soon after our arrival in the marsh, we came upon the track of a very large bear. We followed the track until we got him started on the chase, and then sent our dogs in rapid pursuit. The

chase was continued until late in the afternoon, when it commenced snowing very fast. We knew there was an old hunter living somewhere in the swamp, and so we determined to find him and obtain, if possible, lodgings for the night. There was no road and no trail whereby our course might be directed, but we had some idea of the locality, and started as nearly in the direction as our senses could guide us. We wandered on for some distance without observing any signs of human habitation, and were about giving up the idea of discovering the hunter's house that night, when we came upon the tracks of two barefooted children. The snow was about eight inches deep, and the tracks fresh. We concluded to follow their tracks, thinking they would lead us to the shanty, or if perchance it should be traces of some unfortunate children that had strayed from their homes, and were now wandering in the stormy woods, not knowing whither they were going, and perhaps starving and perishing from hunger and cold, possibly we might be of service to them in their hour of distress. So we followed on their track, now much more intent upon discovering the actual condition of what seemed our suffering victims, than anxious about obtaining shelter for ourselves.

We followed their tracks about half a mile, when we came in sight of the little adventurers, and their father's shanty, at the same time. When

we first saw them, we were nearing a small clearing, and upon discovering that they were pursued, I never saw more nimble feet and elastic limbs set in motion. They were within a few yards of the fence that enclosed their premises, and this they scaled without touching either hand or foot, and ran with the fleetness of deer until they reached the hut; there they were met by their parents, who immediately inquired the cause of their fright. They only replied by pointing to us, and escaped entirely beyond the reach of further observation. When we reached the house, the old gentleman invited us in, and treated us very civilly. His wife inquired if we were hungry; we replied that we had taken supper from our knapsacks previous to our arrival there. So we all gathered around the large fireplace and were soon earnestly engaged in conversation. The subject, of course, being the most approved system of hunting. There was some strife,—as is usual on such occasions, when two experienced hunters come together,—which should tell the largest stories!

I kept my credit quite good for some time, until he commenced telling about killing bears as large as elephants, then I was obliged to give up beat,—not having anything larger to compare mine to. It was now quite a mystery to me where the nimble-footed children had disappeared to; for there was not a child to be seen about the house,—the only visible occupants being the old

gentleman and his wife and daughter—a girl of about eighteen. This girl sat in the corner with a piece of blanket about her,—her only covering, —except a small close jacket and short skirt. There did not appear to be any chamber-room to their house, and no bedrooms, closets, or other hiding-places where the timid children could find an asylum, so that it was rather a mystery to me what had become of them. But as it did not belong to me to look after them, I refrained from inquiries, until I saw little timid heads peering from under the bed-rail! At length one crept cautiously from his hiding-place, close along the side of the wall, until he came to the fire-place,—the cold, I presume, being the propelling cause. Then another, a little smaller, followed along the same circuitous rout, their eyes being closely riveted upon me. I still continued my conversation with the old gentleman, and did not appear to notice their movements at all.

Soon another followed on the same track, and then another, until the entire group, five in number, had taken their places around the fire. If I chanced to glance my eyes upon them, they would immediately hide their faces, either with their hands or their scanty garments. The old lady had observed the entire pantomime, and knew that I could not help noticing their singular conduct, and at length she spoke and said that their "children had always lived in the woods," where

they never saw any one, until they were much more afraid of a person than they were of a bear.

She admonished them for their awkwardness, and told them to hold up their heads and act like somebody, or she should get down "that stick in the corner;" but such threats as that did not terrify them in the least, and as my attention was thus directed to them, they only hung down their heads the more sheepishly, and shrank further from observation.

At length the hour for retiring arrived, and the old gentleman told us we were welcome to lie by his fire, but beds he had none to give us. We told him a place by his warm, comfortable fire, was much better than a bed in the snow on such a night, and if he could let us lie there it was all we asked. The family, one by one, began to retire. The old lady and gentleman and oldest daughter slept in the bed, and a few tattered blankets and some furs were spread on the floor for the five young hopefuls that had so secretly emerged from under the bed. After all the rest were quiet, we drew off our boots, placed them under our heads for pillows and stretched ourselves before the capacious fire-place for the night. As we lay there all quietly sleeping, except myself, I was forced to think of the homely old adage; "One half of the world don't know how the other half lives;" though I do hope not quite so large a portion as one-half live in the manner they did.

The next morning they invited us to stay to breakfast, which we did, and they furnished us a repast that would have been creditable to a better establishment. They lived in the woods, or so near it, that they could enrich their store with all the choice berries, nuts, and other luxuries of the forest. The old man had cleared land enough to raise his corn and vegetables. The corn he carried to Fort Defiance on horseback to have it ground, the distance being sixteen miles; and they fattened their own pork. Thus, besides the wild meat they caught in the forest, they were able to keep themselves in plenty of eatables; but they had lived so far from the influences of civilization so long, that they seemed to care but little in what manner food was cooked, or set upon the table; and paid no regard whatever to personal appearance, or as I might say—decency!

After breakfast, the old gentleman told us if we only had that big bull dog of his, we would have no further trouble in the capture of the bear we had pursued to no purpose the day before. I told him we would take him along with us if he thought it best. He did not seem entirely willing to trust such valuable property in the hands of strangers, and particularly in the claws of the bear so we did not take him that day.

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, and the next morning the bushes were loaded with damp snow, and in traveling, Nimrod

and I were soon as wet as if drenched in a shower. We were obliged to retreat to where we could get some wood to make a fire, and dry our clothes. About noon the weather changed, becoming very cold, and so froze the snow to the bushes. We then started again for the thicket. The old bear tracks were now entirely lost in the deep snow, and we had to commence anew.

I told Nimrod, my Dutch comrade, that I would start Madge and Bill, and perhaps they would find where the bear was lodged. It never required a great deal of time for Madge to find a bear, if there were any in the woods; and as they were quite numerous at that time, he was not long in discovering their secret retreats. Whenever Madge or Bill barked, if sent on a chase, it meant something. Soon we heard loud barking, and I knew that a bear was either cornered or treed. Nimrod had a very large dog that we put great dependence upon for a bear fight; but he soon convinced us that it was misplaced confidence, for as soon as he approached the spot where the dogs were keeping the bear at bay, and saw its angry looks, and heard the low, deep growl, he returned much more rapidly than he went. We could not persuade him to return with us, but he went as fast as possible in the opposite direction. We hastened to the scene of contest, and there found one of the largest she-bears I ever saw!

The thicket was so close that I had to go within

five paces to see her. She stood looking at me with invincible coolness, until I drew up my gun and shot her. The ball entered her eye, but did little other harm than to enrage her. When I shot, Madge was standing on one side and Bill on the other, with Nimrod in the rear. The moment the gun cracked, the dogs jumped upon her, and thus she found herself assailed on every side. She soon knocked the dogs right and left, and made for the bed from whence she had first been started. After vanquishing the dogs, she made at us. Nimrod was sorely frightened, and commenced running at a very rapid rate. I knew where she wanted to go, and thought to head her. We ran in the direction from whence she came, until we came upon her bed, and there we found three young cubs.

I now saw that we had run in the wrong direction, and made an unfortunate selection of victims, if indeed the bear should prove the victim, which was a little doubtful; for the female bear, when driven from her nest, and her young disturbed, is a powerful enemy to contend with. I saw that her rage was at me, and I ran for a short distance as rapidly as possible, until I could obtain some means of defense. I called upon Nimrod for the ax, which he handed me while running at the top of his speed. I determined then, if I died, to die fighting. I turned about and met the bear face to face,—and most fortunately

for me, poor Madge, whom we had left for mortally wounded, appeared just at this crisis for my deliverance, and attracted the bear's attention just as she was springing with open paws upon me, and gave her such a violent jerk by the hind leg as to disappoint her expectations of making game of me. She then left me to pursue her new assailant, but did not follow him far before she found she had another enemy near by.

Bill, by this time, was impeding her progress by catching at her legs. She was so enraged by this, that she forsook Madge and started after Bill. While she was pursuing him, I hunted up my gun which had been lost in the engagement, loaded it, and followed the dog and bear. By the time I came to them, I found the bear pretty well whipped, and about ready to abandon the defense she had so tenaciously kept over her nest, and seek only her own personal safety. I tried to get a shot at her, but could not find her still, not for one second. She was either running after one dog or the other, or else she was running for her own freedom; and finding that the best alternative, I drew my gun and shot her while running. That shot was more effectual than the previous, for entering below the shoulder, it disabled one leg so that she could not put it to the ground. But a bear, especially the female bear with cubs, will sell her life as dearly as possible, and will yield to nothing short of the actual extinction of life.

She now ran after me, and I saw that my only safety was in immediate flight. I ran with as great velocity as my long legs could maintain, for some rods, but saw that I must soon be overtaken, for my strength and endurance were not at all equal to that of the bear. She was just in reach of me once more, when the timely presence of old Madge again purchased my deliverance. The dogs both held her firmly, and I said to Nimrod, "Now use the ax." He commenced with nerveless arm to peck at her head, all to but little purpose. He called to me to take the ax, for he could not hurt her! Fear and revenge had nerved my arm to more than usual strength, and I clinched the ax and struck at her. She met the blow with her paw. This unexpected resistance forced it from my hand, and we were again obliged to run, leaving our gun and ax on the ground. She did not follow us this time; but we had to wait until she left the spot before we could return for our ax and gun.

We then returned for our weapons, and I loaded my gun and pursued her. By this time, she had got some distance in the advance. I followed, until I came close upon her; then I shot again, this time wounding her slightly in the shoulder. With the strength gained through suffering, she offered one more bold fight, and I was again obliged to run. I found old Madge on the way almost dead; but when he saw me, he got up and

followed as best he could. The bear did not want to follow far, and then I stopped and loaded my gun and told Nimrod that I was going to try and make the bear turn upon me again;—then I could shoot her while my gun was loaded. I ran up close behind her, and she again laid back her ears and came with increased vengeance upon me.

I levelled my gun at her, and shot her in the throat—her head not being three feet from the muzzle of the gun at the time. The ball went into the mouth and down the throat; still she never relaxed the muscles of her ears, or paused a moment in her course; and my only safety lay in dodging her motions. We were now in rather open ground. She wheeled and ran into the thicket. I then for the first, commenced encouraging the dogs, for I saw that the last shot had disabled her from biting, and they could attack her with less danger to themselves.

During all this time, we had not obtained a single glimpse of that stout, heavy mastiff, we had so much relied upon at the outset; but now, as if taught by some secret instinct that the bear could no longer bite, he came up very bravely, and grabbed the poor bear by the head and brought her down with the power of a lion. I then drew out my fifteen-inch knife, and stabbed her in the breast, which made a finish of her. When all was over, Darrick, the big mastiff who had officiated so powerfully in the closing scene, looked up with

much importance, as if to say, "I and Peggy killed the bear!"

We now left the bear and dogs lying side by side, while we returned for the cubs. One which had been knocked out of its nest in the fight, had crawled back, and we found them all three lying together as quietly and contentedly as so many kittens.

When we commenced handling them, they snarled and snapped at us, and showed the bear propensity for fight. I told Nimrod we must take them home alive, "if they did bite." He replied, if they fought him, he would kill every "tarnal varmint of them." I turned them over with my foot, but they did not bite it, so we took a bag that we had carried our "grub" in, and put them in it. After cutting a few air holes, I threw it over my shoulder, and we went back to where the dogs and bear were. We then cut poles and forks and hung up our game, and started for the old hunter's cabin, where we had stayed the night before.

We only stopped a few minutes, and then started for the Dutchman's house, where we could procure some nourishment for the cub-bears. It was nearly night, and there was ten miles to be traveled right through the woods. Just as soon as we entered the woods the cubs commenced squalling, and might have been easily heard half-a-mile. I did not know how soon some bear would

hear them and attack us; but still we did not get at all disconcerted by the danger, but pursued our way until the entire distance had been traveled. The only one that probably understood their peculiar dialect was beyond the reach of hearing.

The next day we brought the bear home with a horse. When we came to the hut of the old hunter, the big bull dog which he had recommended so hugely at the outset of our hunt, was so frightened at the sight of the bear, that he ran as soon as he saw us approaching, and did not return until we were gone. We took this bear home, and went back to try our skill at bear-fighting again.

This time we went into the marsh, and very soon started another bear. While we were running the bear with all the speed possible, Nimrod unluckily struck his foot against a snag that lay in his way, and seriously wounded himself in the knee with the ax he carried in his hand. Nothing short of a human life could attract much attention with me, when the capture of a bear was at stake. I saw him fall, and noticed that he did not get up again. I paused in the chase and found that my friend Nimrod was quite seriously injured, though by no means fatally. The indispensable cotton pocket-handkerchief which I always carried in my vest pocket, was of excellent service, and I bound up his leg as best I could, and proceeded on my chase,—Nimrod following

at such a distance as he thought most becoming in true deference to his late affliction. I did not leave him far behind, until I felt impelled to return and ascertain what assistance he might possibly be needing.

I found it was only with the utmost difficulty that he could walk at all. We did not pursue the bear further, but started immediately for home. We were now many miles distant, and from his inability to travel at our usual rates, night overtook us while buried deeply in the wilderness. I then cut down a dry tree, and stripped it of its bark, and formed as comfortable a bed as possible. Poor Nimrod suffered dreadfully during the night, and when morning came, his limb was swollen badly, and very much inflamed. I made him some crutches and helped him what I could, until at last we reached his home, where I left him and returned for the bear.

The next day it commenced raining,—the snow leaving very fast. The water and ice was about six inches deep all over the ground. Late in the evening I started to cross the marsh, but night came suddenly upon me while but yet in the midst of it. The sky was overspread with dark, dense clouds, and the gloom soon became impenetrable. I was obliged to stop; but could find no wood for fire, and so far was I from thinking of shelter, that my attention was entirely absorbed in finding a place to spend the night above

water. A pole was at length discovered that lay a little out of the water.

I undertook to lay on this, and by holding tightly around some shrubs or bushes that grew near by, I could make out to balance myself on the narrow bed. At length I went to sleep, when my fingers relaxed their hold about the bushes, and I went into the water about as easy as "rolling off a log." My poor dogs, too, had to spend the night in the water. It was a long and dreary one, and that was a welcome ray of light that first gleamed; and when gray morning dawned in the east, the vexed and weary hunter, with his famishing dogs, wended his way homeward, to live no more in the wilderness that year.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPEND THE WINTER IN THE SWAMP—TAKE THE DUTCHMAN ALONG WITH ME—SMALL GAIN AND HARD FARE—A DAY WITHOUT FOOD—EAT SOME COON—FRESH SUPPLIES RECEIVED—PLENTY OF WILD HONEY—BEREAVED OF MY WIFE—A MOURNING CIRCLE—START FOR ANOTHER HUNT—NOVEL METHOD OF DETERMINING A COON-TREE—A HOUSE AFLOAT—NOVEL PREDICAMENT FOR THE NIGHT—MARRIED.

When winter came again it found me ready for the woods. It had become as natural for me to go to the swamp in winter, as for the game to hunt their dens. This time I also took the aforesaid Dutchman with me, and we arranged our camp and set our tents for the winter. Our successes were attended with many reverses, yet we made a very good average of the time.

When we first went into the woods we did not kill enough to keep ourselves in meat, and soon our limited store of breadstuff was consumed by ourselves and dogs. One morning, when the weather was very unfavorable for hunting coon, we found ourselves entirely destitute of anything to eat. The prospect seemed rather dubious and I was in favor of going home for something to eat; but my German friend said if I would stay and hunt he

would go home and bring some grub. I told him I would do it, and accordingly we both started on our different routes,—neither ourselves nor dogs having had any breakfast. I was very successful that day catching coon, but skinned them and threw them away as fast as they were caught, so that when night came I had nothing to eat myself, or to feed my dogs. We then laid down and slept until about two hours before daylight, when we got up and started again for coon, this being the best hour in the day to hunt them. By this time alimentiveness was the most active phrenological development, and clamored loudly in favor of the neglected stomach. The first coon we caught were hastily dressed and a fire built, and the roasting process was commenced, but no sooner had the savory odors greeted my olfactories than the roasting was suspended, and I commenced satisfying my ravenous appetite with unbaked coon! Had I been fresh from the city, where it is genteel and customary to eat raw meat, the effect might have been more favorable; but in the woods we always cooked our meat; and where meat was so plenty I never was partial to taking it rare. But in this instance I did not stop until I had nearly demolished one good size and fair proportioned little animal of the coon species. This proved sufficient, however, and I have molested that delicate meat but little since!

Early the next morning my German friend re-

turned with the promised subsistence, but I already had an overloaded stomach,—and such delicacies as corn bread and boiled pork possessed no attractions; and for several hours I felt little inclined either to eat, hunt, or take any exercise. I was quite willing to stay in camp the remainder of that day and the following night; but early the next morning I was as eager as ever to follow the coon, though for a rather different reason. The first tree we cut contained four coon, and thirty pounds of pure honey. This last-mentioned article regulated the gastric organs admirably. After this signal good fortune, I returned to the camp and lay down and rested very contentedly. In an hour or so, my friend, who had been in quite a different direction, came in with only one coon, declaring, "Coon no run in daylight, and when Dutchman around!" We hunted together the next week and had very good success. As soon as our load of fur was large enough, we started for home. The proceeds of that hunt paid me admirably for the time it cost. When I reached home I found my family exceedingly anxious about my welfare, for my stay had been protracted beyond their expectations. I found them well, however, and I soon left them again for my haunt in the woods.

In the year 1848 I was bereaved of the companion who had for sixteen years been the partner of my toils. Hand in hand we had walked the

rugged path of pioneer life, and just as we were nearing the borders of a more comfortable existence, just as the woodsman's ax and maufacturer's tools had subdued the forest, and comfortable homes had been erected, and pleasant, fertile vales been spread out before the laboring pioneer as the reward of his industry, and we were promising ourselves "better days,"—just then the great destroyer of human plans and human expectations, with unsheathed sword, laid low in the dust the fondest of my cherished hopes. The light of my home was extinguished at noonday,—the pall of gloom was settled over my darkened hearth. But in that dark hour I learned as never before, that "sweet are the uses of adversity;" for it is losses and crosses that tighten the bands that unite us to the Great Head of the church. From that event I must ever date a more perfect faith and reliance upon Him who never leaves or forsakes his children in the hour of trial.

It was indeed a trial to gather my family around me and look upon the broken circle; for besides my own heart being widowed, there were eight children made orphans; and though I felt my own loss irreparable, I knew that theirs was so. And from them at least, the mysterious hand of Providence, whose ways are past finding out, had removed the truest, tenderest friend God ever gave. I will not underrate a father's love, but the tenderest, deepest, purest, devotion of the human

heart, is the Christian mother's undying love for her children. She alone can divine their little wants. She only can minister to their mental, moral, and physical necessities, the proper aliment; and she, of all the world, is the only one who can develop, in exact proportions, the mental, moral, and social element of their unformed characters so as to bring forth a perfectly symmetrical whole.

The winter passed slowly and gloomily by; sometimes I endeavored to follow along in the lawful and laudable pursuits of life; at other times I abandoned everything to my grief. I had an aged mother, now past seventy years of age, who assisted me in keeping my family from separation. Spring at length emerged from the depth of that gloomy winter; and though it brought sunshine and gladness to many hearts, it brought neither to my desolate home; and through the multitude of cares and anxieties, which now set with far more than double weight upon my mind, how could I purchase forgetfulness?

In the fall, my friend Kinney and myself started for another hunt. This time we came into the immense forests of Wood and Henry counties, instead of Putnam and Paulding. My partner had traveled the route before, but to myself it was entirely new. We journeyed on for three days before we got through; but at the close of the second day I was obliged to give up in consequence of ill health and exhaustion. By this

time we had reached the hunting grounds, which lay along the banks of a creek, called Turkey Foot, in Henry county. Mr. K. told me that there was a family living on the Creek, by the name of Hill,—that they were very clever, hospitable people, and that I must go there and stay all night, for as I was not well it would be imprudent for me to camp in the woods.

About ten o'clock that night we reached his house and obtained permission to stay all night. Our hospitable hostess, who was just enjoying her first and most refreshing slumber, did not complain that her luxurious repose was disturbed, but with ready hands she prepared us supper, and set before the weary and exhausted hunters the best provisions her humble home afforded. My friend ate heartily, but a very small quantity sufficed for me, and we soon laid down and rested until morning. A good night's rest did its part toward restoring me to bodily health, and the next morning we started for the valley.

We stayed several days in camp without accomplishing much, though we caught a few coon and deer, enough to keep ourselves and dogs in meat. At last we came to a house on the river where we got permission to stay all night, and the next morning made arrangements for boarding there during the remainder of our stay. Coons were plenty, and we commenced the sport of killing them in earnest. We were getting quite successful

in the business, when my partner was rendered incapable of service from the effects of a felon on his finger. The man where we were boarding, whose name was Thorp, said if we would teach him to hunt, he would go with us for seventy-five cents per day. We agreed to his terms, and started for the woods. The coon did not run very well, but we pursued what we could find. My partner and myself never went together, but took something like parallel ranges, from forty to one hundred rods apart; when we wanted one another we we would give a signal howl, and thus determine the course.

Mr. Thorp was to follow me just far enough at one side so that he could see me and not get lost. At length I came to a tree that bore unmistakable traces of coon. I could see the marks where they went up, but not where they came down. I saw that Thorp was looking at me, so I placed my nose against the tree and commenced smelling of it! When Thorp came up I told him there were coon in that tree. He looked carefully about, but seeing no tracks, said, "How do you know there are coon in the tree?" Instead of explaining to him the *true* theory, I made an evasive reply, and left him to suppose I had determined the matter by the sense of smell. Thorp commenced the operation of cutting the tree, but had not proceeded far, when I heard Mr. K. howl. I answered, when he told me he had a coon treed, and wanted I should come

and cut it. I told Thorp he should stay and cut down the tree, and when he had caught the coon he could come where I was. At length he came to where I was hard at work cutting the coon tree, and said, "I want to know how you knew there was a coon in that tree." I told him it was a poor hunter who couldn't tell when he had treed a coon. But he was persistent in knowing the means by which it was discovered, and said, "I'll be darned if I didn't see you *smelling* up that tree, before I came up"—and accordingly he walked up to the tree I was chopping and placed his prodigious olfactory against the bark. The evidence was by no means conclusive, and he declared he could smell nothing but the bark.

He then wanted to know how I knew that Kinney had a coon treed when he howled. I told him by the different intonations of his voice. He only responded by saying that we must have better ears, and noses, too, than he had. This finished our hunting for that day, and we returned at night to our boarding-place. Early the next morning, just after the break of day, the dogs commenced a tremendous barking just behind the house. We went immediately to the spot and there was a large wolf holding a deer that it had caught. Thorp raised his gun and I ordered him to shoot, for it was a wolf,—correcting his impression that it was a dog. He fired, the ball passing through the flank. The dogs sprang up-

on the wolf and I ran for the deer, caught and killed it.

We continued hunting with little intermission until winter broke up, when we commenced gathering together our furs, which had been left at different places of deposit; and we agreed to meet at Mr. Hill's, on Turkey Foot, and stay there until we could dispose of them. I got there a day earlier than my friend. The weather was very bad, and the water high and constantly rising. The house stood right on the bank of the Creek, and before bed-time the water commenced coming into the house, and rose so rapidly that soon the floor was all afloat,—it not being nailed down. I brought in plenty of wood and filled the fire-place and kept the fire above high water mark; then I floated in saw-logs and built scaffolding above the water. The beds and valuables were placed upon this, and after all was arranged the family retired for the night; but there were not beds enough, and some must sit up. The lot fell upon me and the old gentleman's daughter. Now the scaffold allotted to us was only just wide enough for two chairs, side by side, and somehow we could n't help getting somewhat acquainted before morning. The high water detained me several days; but it having at length subsided, I returned to my home. Found my family well and comfortable. But my mother, who was very old and somewhat childish, said she had raised one family and could

not now in her old age be troubled with the cares and responsibilities of another,—that I must get another house-keeper. This was placing me in a dilemma from which I did not know how to extricate myself. There were a great many very competent house-keepers, but how to get one—that was the question. I debated it seriously in my own mind for several days, then mounted my horse and determined to try. The success attendant was worthy the effort it cost, and the young lady who I had so gallantly preserved from the liquid element, now ventured to trust herself more fully in my keeping.

CHAPTER XVII.

REMOVAL FROM HANCOCK TO HENRY CO., OHIO—SETTLE AGAIN IN THE WOODS—PURCHASE LAND ON TRUST—BUILD A HOUSE—SUCCESS IN HUNTING—FINAL CAPTURE OF ANOTHER OLD RESIDENTER.

In the year 1850, I sold my home in Hancock County, and moved to Henry County. I then settled again in the woods, and built me a nice, hewed log house; the first one that had ever been built in the township. With the money I sold for in Hancock, I purchased another farm and built my house, and then bought a quarter section on trust, expecting to pay for it in one hundred dollar payments, the money to be made by hunting. In this I was very successful, and met my engagements promptly. The first year, I could hunt but little, as it required all my time and best efforts to bring my farm into a condition to sustain my family. There was house and barn to be built, rails to be split, and fences made, land to be cleared, and corn planted. But I had at this time three boys capable of being of great service to me, and they were as willing as they were capable. My eldest son George was now nearly a full grown man, and of stout, athletic frame. He, with the assistance of his two younger brothers,

David and Squire, were fully competent, after the first preliminaries of taking up a new farm were accomplished, to carry on the farming and clearing alone, and I was soon at liberty to turn my attention to hunting.

My old bear dog, Madge, that had long been a faithful friend, was lost, and my favorite coon dog, Bill, was now dead, and I must begin on new ground, and with new dogs. The first year I did not endeavor to hunt large game; but confined myself to coon and other small animals, shooting occasionally a deer for meat, both for myself while in camp, and my family at home. During the winter, I caught one hundred and thirty-two coon, eighty-nine opossum, twenty-two mink, and quite a number of deer. For the coon skins I received one dollar and twenty-five cents a piece, for the mink, seventy-five cents, and for the opossum, eight cents, making the proceeds of my hunt during the winter, $188.62.

The next fall, I commenced again with the coon, but when cold weather came on, I abandoned this for the more fascinating chase of the bear. I had, however, caught seventy-five coon, which brought me ninety-three dollars and seventy cents. My dogs were rather awkward in the bear chase at first, and of course my success in that kind of sport was not as good for a while, as it had been on former and more favorable occasions. But at last, having acquitted themselves quite honorably

THE BEAVER.

in a chase, they succeeded in driving a bear up a large sycamore tree, and into a hole in the top, with which the bear was, no doubt, well acquainted. My two oldest boys were with me, and this was rare sport for them. We cut down the tree, and out jumped the bear. The dogs caught her. I ran very close with my gun, and tried to shoot, but the sights of my gun would not set, and this means of destruction failed. My son George tried to shoot, but not being accustomed to so exciting sport, could not make his gun work, either. My other son, David, was unarmed, standing by the stump of the tree. The bear, knocking the dogs right and left, got away from them and came up to the boy. He was badly frightened, and mounted the stump. I was soon by his side. When the bear saw me approaching, she laid back her ears and started on a rapid race, carrying both dogs along with her. Soon, however, she freed herself from the dogs, and continued her chase for about eight miles. We pursued as rapidly as we could, and at length met the dogs returning. They evidently were coming to let us know they had treed the bear. They ran before us, frequently looking back to see that we were coming, until they came to the place where they left their antagonist. It was a large elm tree, and there were the marks where she had gone up, also where she came down. I started the dogs again in pursuit, and soon heard the fight com-

mence. I followed rapidly, leaving the boys far in the rear. When I came up, they had the bear treed, and I waited for the boys to come before I undertook to bring her down. The tree was a very tall elm, and my eyes were still weak from the effects of inflammation. I told my son George to shoot; but as he preferred trusting to my skill, I drew up my gun and fired, telling him to be ready to shoot immediately if I failed. We both missed; and the bear came down unharmed among our dogs, and no gun loaded. The dogs took hold of her, but I soon saw they needed help. I went with uplifted ax to their assistance, and planted it firmly in her brain. The dogs fought valiantly; and I was convinced of their abilities as bear dogs. We dragged the bear home by means of bark, quite satisfied with our sport for one day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANOTHER BEAR CHASE—LOSS OF DOGS—DISCOVER MOCCASIN TRACKS—FOLLOW INDIAN TRAIL—COME TO INDIAN TENT—DISPUTE ABOUT GAME—RECOVERY OF DOG—INDIANS GIVE UP—RETURN HOME WITH PROCEEDS OF HUNT.

IN the winter of 1857, I started one morning with two of my boys for a bear chase. I had three dogs, two of them well trained in bear-hunting. We very early started one, and I sent my dogs in rapid pursuit. We followed as fast as we could, and after traveling several miles, came to the place where the dogs had treed him, but could not keep him. We started on the chase in Henry County, and at two o'clock we were pretty deep in Wood County. At this time we came upon two moccasin tracks, which indicated that Indians had been in pursuit of the bear. I then started on a fast race, for I did not believe there was any biped that could outrun me in a bear chase. But my boys were at that age unequal to the task of overtaking the fleet-footed Indian, and I judged too, by the length of the jumps they had made, that we were not gaining ground. The boys soon lagged in the chase, and were quite unwilling that I should leave them; so we built our fire, ate some cakes that we had brought in our pockets,

and laid down and slept. In the morning I concluded if it were not for the boys I would follow the Indians to their camp—they having no relish for so long a march; so I started for home with them. When we came into the road that would lead them home, I returned, bound for the Indian camp.

The day before this, two of my dogs had returned, but one was missing. Two or three weeks previous to this, I had chased a bear into the same woods and left him, and in the chase lost two of my dogs, one only having returned. I was now as earnest about the regaining of my dog as the capture of the bear, being quite satisfied that the Indians had both in their possession before this time. I came upon the trail and followed it to the camp. I there found two large, athletic Indians lying on the ground asleep, my dog sleeping also in the corner of the tent, and the skin of a monstrous bear hanging on the outside. I asked the Indian, who immediately awoke, if he caught a bear yesterday.? He replied that he did.

"You caught one last week, too, did you not?"

"Yes," responded the Indian.

"Did your dog catch him alone?" said I.

"No; there was another dog with him."

"Why did you not keep the other dog, too?"

"He no stay with Indian."

While we were talking, Madge having been

awakened by the sound, and recognizing his master's voice, came bounding out of the tent, and leaped about me in an ecstasy of delight. The Indians observing this, hallooed at the dog, who did not notice their admonitions now that he was once more under the protection of his old master. The Indians very soon saw that the dog knew me, and their countenances fell. They would not answer any more questions about the chase, but suddenly became very sullen and morose. I told the Indians this was my bear they had caught, and I was going to have it, that the other was mine too, but they might have that for their trouble; but this I should take myself. They did not like this disposition of their game, and one said, "No, me give you two dollars and keep the bear." I told him no, I would have the bear-skin, and the dog too; and if my dogs chased any more bear into the woods and they caught them, I should take them from them, and accordingly shouldered the skin and started for home. The Indians cast after me an angry look, but durst not follow me.

Soon after this, I came across another old residenter, that had baffled the pursuit of many hunters, and destroyed the life of many a valuable dog. My dogs had frequently attacked him, but always without success. This time, I chanced to come across another old bear-hunter, and we united our forces, and went in pursuit of the bear.

Soon we came within hearing of the two sets of dogs, where they were fighting the bear. We hastened to the spot, and found the snow covered with blood, and one of my dogs lying on the ground badly wounded. The bear escaped from them and ran for a short distance, then they caught him again after another severe contest, in which the dogs proved most too much for the bear; but he again eluded their grasp and ran up a tree. When we came to him, he sat there looking down from his elevated position quite defiantly upon his pursuers. We allowed him to enjoy the supremacy of his situation for some minutes, while we made the necessary arrangements for bringing him down successfully. My eyesight at that time being very poor, I advised my friend Rowland to shoot, telling him I would endeavor it possible to hit the bear on the head as he descended, and make his death certain; for if he came down only wounded, it would greatly endanger the lives of our dogs, which we prized so highly.

He did not follow my advice, but aimed at his heart, and missing that, the ball entered his fore leg, doing it no serious injury. The enraged animal now came down from the tree with great rapidity. I shot at him as he was coming down, but missed him. As soon as he reached the ground the dogs clinched him, and I ran up with the ax; but when he saw me coming toward him he started, and by his immense strength succeeded

in running faster, carrying the dogs along with him, than I could follow. After he thought he had gained a sufficient distance, he stopped, and commenced knocking the dogs off with his paws. One of my large dogs he gave a violent blow back of the shoulder, crushing in three of his ribs which shortly afterward caused his death. The dogs were all whipped now but two, one was mine, the other belonged to my friend. They fought bravely until the desperate animal was again treed. The gigantic beast went up a large sycamore, entered a hole in the top, and came down inside to the ground. I commenced cutting a hole in the tree while my friend watched the hole in the top to see that our antagonist did not descend upon us unobserved.

As soon as I had made a hole in the tree large enough, the bear came and tried to get out. My friend who was watching narrowly all of his movements, took advantage of the opportunity and shot him, without doing him much injury, however. He then came up and peeped out cautiously again, and I shot him in the eye. This only increased his rage. We continued shooting until we had lodged ten balls in his head. We thought that surely was a sufficient number, and as he lay down quietly, concluded he was dead. We then proceeded to cut a hole large enough to take him from his asylum; but when we reached in our hands to bring out our prisoner, he sprang

up ready for fight. I then took the edge of the ax to his head, which proved more effectual than all the bullets. We then took him from the tree and got a team to draw him home. He was a very large male bear, with the marks of many a fight in which he had proved victorious. He was worth sixty dollars.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD RESIDENTER OF THE BLACK SWAMP—AMATUER SPORTSMEN—THEIR FINE DOGS AND THEIR CONFIDENCE IN THE SAME—NEW DOGS NO MATCH FOR OLD BEAR—FAITHFUL PRINCE.

I now propose to tell you of the long pursuit, and final capture of a tough old bear, that had eluded many a hunter, and roamed in security through the dense woods of the Maumee Valley, and the Black Swamp. You will remember that I have often spoken of him as whipping my dogs, and frequently killing them.

In the winter of 1858, an old friend came from Seneca County to hunt with me. Our efforts were attended with very good success; but, as I have already given you details of several exciting hunts, I shall here pass by all minor exploits, and come at once to the chase and capture of the old residenter.

The place of my residence had become quite public, for a new country, and my fame as a hunter had already extended far and wide. I also made quite an extensive acquaintance by acting as guide to people who came to look at, or purchase, land. It was in this way that I became acquainted with Mr. Holts, the man who at this

time came from Seneca County, and proposed to become my partner in hunting.

One evening, when we came in from a bear chase, we found several strangers at my house, who had come a long distance to take a bear hunt with me. They were all mounted, and had several fine-looking dogs with them. I had serious objections to taking so large a party on a hunt with me, as it would be likely to occasion too much random shooting, and endanger the lives of the dogs, therefore, I told the gentlemen that they had a sufficient number of dogs, and it would be better for them to board with me and hunt by themselves. That arrangement did not satisfy them, so I bluntly told them that I was hunting for profit and not for sport, and for that reason could not share the game with so many. They then replied that their only object was the sport, and I could no longer resist their earnest wishes to join me.

The whole party, with the exception of myself, were mounted. For reasons of my own, I chose to go on foot. We started just in the gray of the morning, and had proceeded about half a mile, when we struck the trail of a bear. Barely noticing the course of the trail, I stepped over it as if it had been nothing more than the track of a horse or cow. Some of the party behind me saw it, and called out, "Here is a bear track!" I said to them, "We want nothing to do with that

bear, I know the old fellow by his track, and if we follow him we shall pay a dear price for our sport." Upon hearing this they all insisted that we must follow the trail. The print of the foot in the snow was as large as the track of a horse. I finally concluded that here was as good an opportunity as any for giving the new hunters their first lesson, and after instructing them to remain behind with their horses until they heard my dogs, I started on the trail.

My favorite dog at this time was named Prince. His sagacity in a bear fight seemed almost human, and he was in all other respects, equal to any dog that I ever owned. In a few moments the well-known yell of the dogs reached my ears, and I knew that the game was close at hand. Away dashed the horsemen over fallen trees and through the thick brush, while I followed on foot at the top of my speed. As I heard the sharp yells of the dogs, I knew that they had come to close quarters with the enemy. When we reached the scene of action, there was blood upon the snow, and the dogs were whining and limping about in a very dejected manner; but the bear was gone. I told my companions the bear was tired and would soon be brought at bay again. The dogs, headed by Prince, were soon in full pursuit, and after running a mile at a moderate pace, came again in contact with the bear. This was but a repetition of the first fight; attended, however,

with more disastrous consequences. Two of the dogs lay dead upon the field. The skull of one had been crushed in, until the eyes protruded from their sockets.

I should have mentioned that I had no other arms than my hunting-knife and a large pistol. The rest of the party were armed with rifles. When we arrived at the scene of the second fight, my partner gave me his horse so that I might get a little rest. I then took the lead of the party, closely followed by a Mr. Stout, who, at the outset of the chase, concluded that his rifle would only be an encumbrance, and had concealed it in the brush near the road. We soon heard Prince barking, and thought that he had treed the bear. We also supposed that the others heard the dog, and so hurried to his assistance without waiting for them to come up.

When we came in sight of the bear, Prince was keeping up a running fight with him. When he would attempt to cross a log, Prince would seize him by the hind leg and pull him off. The bear in turn would chase Prince, who was obliged to make some very scientific dodges to evade the ferocious beast. These masterly movements of the dog so retarded the progress of the bear, that Mr. Stout and I were enabled to keep pretty close up with him. I kept looking anxiously around for the rest of the company, for they were all well armed, and I would not risk a shot with my

pistol unless I could feel certain of hitting the bear in the head. Not that I apprehended any danger to myself, from a wounded bear, but I well knew that, at the crack of the pistol, Prince would close with the monster, and his life would be the forfeit of his rashness. Mr. Stout continually urged me to shoot, but I steadily refused, giving him the reasons stated above. At the sight of us the bear seemed very much terrified and made frantic efforts to free himself from the repeated attacks of his tormentor.

At this juncture, another dog came to the assistance of Prince, but his dog-wisdom was no match for the craftiness of his cruel antagonist, who, with one blow of his paw sent him whirling into the air, and added one more to our list of dead dogs. Prince paid no heed to the sudden death of his friend, but continued his admirable tactics by seizing the bear whenever an opportunity was afforded. Finding that there was no prospect of our friends' coming to our assistance with their rifles, I told Stout that we would turn the bear, and start him in the other direction. I was soon in front of him. He turned as I had expected, and started in the opposite direction. Suddenly he came upon two large logs which lay directly in his path; and just as he reached the last and highest log, Prince, who was watching his chance, made a spring to catch him by the leg. But the bear had made his arrangements to

give his opponent a different reception, and, instead of jumping from the log, suddenly wheeled, and caught poor Prince in his strong arms. Then commenced a terrible tussle, with the advantage all on one side. I could not for a moment resist the piteous moans for help which the poor dog made while writhing in the embrace of his deadly foe. I knew that Prince would risk his life to save me from a like peril, and I determined that he should not die without an effort being made to save him. Accordingly I rode up until I could almost touch the bear with my pistol, raised myself in the stirrups, took deliberate aim at his head, and pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire! Five times I snapped that pistol, and always with the same miserable result. Stout could do nothing but encourage me, and watch the wild spectacle, with the most intense interest. Suddenly Prince seized the bear by the nose, and with all his remaining strength succeeded in fastening his teeth firmly in that sensitive organ. The bear roared with rage, and, rearing on his hind legs to shake himself free from that deadly grip, he beheld me confronting him face to face. Bears at all times, unless while defending their young, quail before the eyes of man. It was so with the old residenter. Upon seeing me, he made a sudden wheel, and with a desperate effort, shook himself loose from Prince and started off on a rapid run. The poor dog was game to the last.

Torn and mangled as he was, he again started in pursuit of his enemy, ran a few rods, and dropped powerless.

We thought it useless to pursue the animal any further that night, and after our companions joined us, started for my house. As we turned to go, I told my friends that I would never give over the pursuit of that bear as long as there was the least possibility of killing him.

We had to travel a distance of five miles to reach home.

The next morning, after making some addition to our pack of dogs, we again started on the trail of the bear. Two of the dogs belonging to the strangers, had so far escaped without any injuries, and their owners had no hesitation in pronouncing them cowards. My brother-in-law, who joined us that day, had a large dog that had often accompanied me in the chase, and was a famous bear hunter. I was fearful that he too would fall a victim to the old residenter. We were not long in reaching the place where the bear had stayed for the night, and the fierce yells of the dogs soon gave tokens that the fight had commenced. We reached the spot only to find the dogs all whipped, my brother-in-law's dog with his thigh crushed and broken, and the bear gone. The two dogs that had been branded by their masters as cowards, were both stretched upon the ground, one in the last agonies of death, and the other so bad-

ly disabled as to be of no further service in the chase.

We continued to follow the bear all day. The dogs would occasionally bring him to bay, but we did not succeed in getting a shot; and when night came on, found ourselves only three miles from home.

The sportsmen who had joined in the hunt for the fun of the thing, had promised to stay by until the bear was killed, but, at the close of the second day grew weary of the sport, and started for their homes. Mr. Stout, however, with the true pluck of a hunter, determined to remain with us to the end.

On the third day, we chased the bear into Wood County, and spent the night with an old friend, who was also a bear hunter. He told us that he had two fine dogs, and that one of them, a large hound, was too active and knowing to be killed by a bear. The next morning the fresh dogs led in the pursuit. The large hound was the first to come up with the bear; but in his first attempt to seize him by the leg, he received a blow that left him helpless and bleeding upon the ground.

When night came on, we were again in Henry County, and only four miles from home.

On the fifth day, one of our party got a shot at the bear, but without effect. On the sixth day, we were joined by more men with fresh dogs.

We had no trouble in starting the bear. At the very first yell of the dogs, Mr. Holts put spurs to his horse, and in company with a doctor who had joined us that day, dashed forward to take a part in the desperate encounter. Before this, I had given Mr. Holts some lessons in bear hunting, and he followed my instructions to the letter. As they came close to the bear, the excited doctor urged Mr. H. to shoot, but my partner steadily held his fire, and turned the bear in the direction of the hunters that were on foot. The dogs fought very cautiously, and the bear used every strategem to entice them within reach of his dreadful paws. Sometimes he would crouch like a cat watching for mice, and then suddenly pounce upon some luckless dog, that had ventured too near. I saw him leap fifteen feet at one bound. Mr. Holts was still watching for an opportunity to shoot. At last the critical moment arrived. As the bear crouched to await the approach of a dog, Mr. H. hastily dismounted, raised his rifle, and fired. The ball entered the eye of the bear, and he became furious with pain. All the dogs were upon him in an instant. Now commenced a terrific struggle, and the dogs bled as freely as the bear. While he still held one of the best dogs in his mouth, a lucky shot from the doctor's pistol broke his jaw. Five or six more balls planted in his body finished his career. You can judge something of the size of this bear, when I

tell you that the space between his ears measured twelve inches. The spot where he was killed after a chase of six days, was only two miles from my home.

CHAPTER XX.

MY FRIEND HOLTS AND I GO MINK HUNTING—ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVER BEAR TRACKS—UNEXPECTED GOOD FORTUNE—CAPTURE A BEAR WORTH SIXTY DOLLARS—ANOTHER LUCKY TRIP—SIT DOWN AND TAKE OUR DINNER WHILE WAITING FOR THE DOGS TO RETURN FROM A CHASE—THEY COME PURSUING A MONSTER TWO-YEAR-OLD BEAR.

In the last chapter, there was frequent reference made to a man by the name of Holts, of Seneca County, who had come into our country for the purpose of hunting. I will now give you the details of another expedition in which he was my partner. Mr. Holts was a very systematic man, and hunted by rule, as well as ate, slept, talked, laughed, etc., according to system.

At this time we were mink hunting. Our company consisted of my two sons, Mr. Holts, myself, and four dogs. We started early in the morning, and very soon caught two mink, and then came upon the tracks of two more leading in opposite directions. Myself and one son, with two of the dogs, followed one track, and Mr. Holts, with my other son pursued the other. While tracking the mink, I discovered a large tree deeply indented with the claws of a bear, and upon close ob-

servation, I discovered they had been made in an upward direction, and settled upon the conclusion that the bear was still in the tree. I hallooed to Mr. Holts, who immediately left the mink track and came where I was. All inferior game was immediately lost sight of when such things as bear were to be considered. Mr. H. and myself were very much elated at our unexpected good fortune, and we went to work immediately to cut the tree. We surrounded the spot where the top would fall, with our dogs. Just as soon as the tree fell, out jumped a very large and very cross female bear. She started for a chase, but the dogs soon brought her to a halt. We saw that she was more than a match for the dogs, and fired at her head. But she being actively engaged with the dogs in a fight, our chances for doing her much injury in that manner were small. She did not in the least relax her efforts to regain her freedom; but the opposing force was a little too strong for her. Although the dogs kept her at bay, I saw that she was injuring them seriously.

Mr. H. approached quite near, and continued pouring the balls into her head. I did not carry a gun that day, but before the fight was ended, found myself no less serviceable as axman; for this important auxiliary was brought into requisition before the contest was finished. At last she made a grab at Prince, my favorite dog, that had suffered so severely in fight with the old

residenter; but through the assistance of the other dogs, he at length got free. I then thought it best to interfere. Prince caught her by the hind foot, and I planted the blade of the ax deeply in her brain. This caused her to yield a passive obedience to our wishes. The dogs were all hurt some, part of them seriously injured, but none mortally. The dogs, especially Prince, were so exultant over their brilliant success, as to be apparently unconscious of their suffering. We rejoiced together over our good luck, for the bear was a very large one,—covered on the ribs with six inches of solid fat. It yielded us twenty gallons of oil, and netted sixty dollars.

At another time my brother-in-law, myself and oldest son, who was then a man grown, went out for the purpose of hunting bear. We had four large dogs and one long-legged fyst. We were following a bear track, when suddenly our dogs started after something in a different direction from the way the bear was going. We saw some deer in the way, and concluded they were after them; accordingly we followed them for some distance, when one dog returned, and the other went on out of our hearing. We sat down on a log, and took some grub out of our knapsacks, and ate our dinners, as it was about noon. We still thought they were after deer, and that Prince had been led away from the path of duty by his inexperienced companions, who were in the majority.

We concluded not to follow them; for deer seemed a poor object on which to expend strength, where bear were to be hunted. So we sat down to await their return, I concluding in my own mind to whip Prince for his folly.

Soon we heard the tramping in the distance, and I told the boys we would head them and catch the deer. All eyes were strained to their utmost to watch for deer, when to our utter astonishment there appeared before us a huge bear, running at the top of its speed, pursued, about forty rods in the rear, by the dogs. While passing us at this speed I shot him, wounding him seriously in the fore leg. The dog that was with us halted him, and the rest soon came to his assistance. Most of the number were rather green, having never been in a bear chase before, and we concluded this was as favorable an opportunity as any for breaking them in. We did not shoot the bear again as we might have done, and thus have put an end to the sport, but set the dogs upon it, and stood by to watch their tact and energy. We soon became satisfied that they were not wanting in either, and we left them to finish the fight alone. At first we thought him only a yearling, but subsequent observations proved him to be two years old.

You remember I spoke in the beginning of the chapter of a long-legged fyst; he was in all the chase, yet came out in the rear at its close; but

finally he came up to where the dogs had the bear at bay. As soon as he saw the bear, he approached from the rear and jumped upon his back. The bear reached up with the uninjured paw and grabbed the poor fellow, and threw him quite a distance; then the other dogs clinched him, and a desperate fight ensued, the ground being literally drenched in blood.

But a few feet from the scene of carnage a small tree was lodged, the upper part being about ten feet from the ground. The bear having effected his escape from the dogs, sprang up the higher part of this tree, quite out of their reach. They looked at him a moment revengefully, then Prince, who was always good in devising expedients in bear fighting, went to the lower end of the tree, and walked deliberately up to his antagonist. We attracted the bear's attention during the maneuvers, so that he was not aware of Prince's approach until he grabbed him, and being taken so unexpectedly, he made a very unceremonious descent to the ground. I was so pleased with Prince's strategem, that I thought to save him future trouble in the matter, and drew my pistol and shot his foe. Upon examination, we found the bear to be two years old, and of immense size for that age. Our dogs were badly hurt in the fight, but not mortally wounded.

CHAPTER XXI.

A VISIT TO THE NORTHERN INDIANS—JOURNEY THERE—ENGAGE BOARD AT A TAVERN—LANDLORD ACCOMPANIES US TO THE INDIAN CAMP—DINNER WITH THE INDIANS—LANDLORD'S DISGUST—BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY OF THE SAGINAW AND SHIAWASEE RIVERS—HEAVY TIMBER—RICH SOIL—MANNER OF LIVING—ROAST PORCUPINE AND COON—TRADE WITH THE INDIANS—RETURN HOME—LAST HUNT IN 1866.

I HAD learned by a traveler that there was a tribe of Indians in the northern part of Michigan very fond of trading; and that they would trade fine ponies for dogs and guns. So in the fall of 1860, my son and myself collected together quite a variety of dogs and muskets, and started for their rendezvous, distant about two hundred miles; part of the distance to be traveled by rail-road, and part on foot.

When within twenty miles of their camp, we stopped and engaged board at a tavern, and commenced hunting coon. We were very successful in this business for some time; but at length concluded to make our way to the Indian camp. We offered the landlord five dollars if he would go with us. He accepted the bounty and enlisted, but he soon became tired of the service.

We started in the evening, and hunted all night. When morning came we were very tired and hungry. The landlord proposed to lie down and rest awhile, which we did, sleeping soundly until noon. We then got up, and I proposed cooking some squirrels and pheasants that we had caught; but Mr. ——— insisted that we should go on to the Indian camp, now but a few miles distant, and get the squaws to cook them for us. This arrangement was agreed to, and we soon found ourselves within the limits of the Indian village, which consisted of a great many little wigwams built of bark, which were of the rudest construction. We entered one of these huts which was occupied by an old squaw, a young woman, and three children. We asked them to cook our game, to which they readily consented. We dressed the squirrels, and the squaws performed a similar ceremony over the pheasants. They were all put into a kettle together, and we waited with no small anxiety the progress of cooking. The squaws sat as still as we, until the boiling process was concluded, and then the kettle was set in the middle of a raised bank, covered with skins which at night furnished them a lodging place. There was also a little brown bread, made of meal pounded in a mortar burnt in a walnut block for that purpose.

Probably you have all heard stories of the dirt and filth of the Indians. But hearing is nothing to seeing and eating. The birds were robbed of

only a small part of their feathers, and the heads, with the brains and eyes, were cooked with the body and feet. But traveling twenty-four hours without eating, forced upon me the conviction that it was best to eat what was set before me, asking no questions for conscience' sake. The table ceremonies were not very imposing, as there was but one dish for us all to eat from, but such as they were my son proposed to be master of. He therefore made a bold dive to the bottom of the kettle with thumb and forefinger, and brought up an undissected pheasant, and offered it to our friend, the landlord. Whether the boiled eyes, protruding from their sockets, frightened him or not, I cannot tell; but he declined the favor, and made a dinner of potatoes and a little salt which we carried in our knapsacks.

But being myself more accustomed to rough fare I took the meat, and made a very profitable dinner. After the meal was over, and we commenced bantering for trades, the landlord adroitly withdrew, promising if the Lord would forgive this offense, he would never be guilty of a similar one.

The Indians of Saginaw and Shiawasee rivers are in possession of the most beautiful country I ever saw. The land lies rolling, is well watered, and well timbered. The timber is principally pine, black and white walnut, sugar maple, beech, birch, elm, and poplar. The soil for about two feet is a

reddish brown, and very fertile. The only objection that can be urged to the country is the climate, it being rather cold for comfort. This section is at present scarcely penetrated by the white settler, in the extreme northern portions, but I have no doubt that before many years it will be cultivated and rendered one of the most beautiful countries of the North.

I now went further back into the woods for the purpose of hunting, and came upon another Indian camp, where they were anxious to trade me a pony for a dog. I told them I wanted the dogs to hunt with that afternoon, but would come back the next morning. I hunted all night, and went early the next morning to their camp. Unfortunately I was a little too early for them. They soon began to "dig out," however, and such a variety of human beings I never saw crawl out of one nest before. It was more like the lodging place of some four-footed beasts than anything God designed to walk uprightly.

I went away for a morning hunt, promising to return and take dinner with them. When we came back, there was dangling by a string before the fire, a large porcupine with the quills singed off, and two coons suspended in the same manner. The porcupine was evidently stuffed with something, and I was anxious to learn all that was new in the theory of dressing game, accordingly I watched proceedings.

When roasted sufficiently, the old squaw took it down and commenced dissecting it. When opened, out rolled the feet of both coons, none of them having been dressed at all! The heads of the coons were not skinned below the eyes. They said this was the way to preserve the sweetness of the meat, and the feet, they affirmed, were the best part of the coon, and in distributing the delicate meat, the old squaw was very careful to see that each had a portion of the feet.

I traded a dog for a pony, made several other small trades with the Indians, and returned home.

One peculiarity of the Indians worth mentioning is, they will never trust to a white man's calculation. If you trade a hundred dollars' worth with them, they will insist upon trafficking and paying for each article separately. For instance, they sell you a hundred hides at nine pence each, they will only give you one at a time, and you must count out the money for that, then they will lay down another, and that must be paid for in the same manner; and so on until the whole are sold. In making an extensive trade with them, it sometimes requires several days to complete the bargain.

I will now give you a sketch of a little hunt which I took with my boys during the last winter, and which will close this series of hunting sketches. There had been for some time a very terrific and mournful noise heard in the woods, which had

sorely frightened many, and timid women and children had been driven thereby from the woods, and could not be persuaded to enter them again. I had not heard the sound myself, but from the description given, was not puzzled to decide from what source it came. I soon found from whence it proceeded, and started one day with my dog in pursuit of whatever might be the cause of it. I had only one dog, and that a hound and a very valuable one. We soon found the track of the animal, and chased it until it came out of the woods into a large clearing, where there was a thick undergrowth, which made very hard grounds for hunting. He ran bravely for awhile, but at last became tired of running, and stopped and squared himself for fight with the dog. They fought desperately for some time, but the dog was obliged to call for help. I hastened as rapidly as possible to his relief, having been left some way in the distance, during the chase. As I expected, when I came to the dog, I found him covered with blood, but could no where see anything of his enemy. I looked about under the bushes and behind the logs for some time to no purpose, when seeing the dogs cast an angry look into a tall bush over my head, I looked up there and saw the infuriated animal looking the vengeance he could not speak and dared not act. I leveled my revolver at him and brought him to the ground, but only wounded him; again the dog attacked him,

and again became the bleeding victim of his butcherly claws. I took my ax and knocked him on the head, and relieved my dog of further suffering. It was a huge catamount, measuring five feet and a half in length.

CHAPTER XXII.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HUNTERS—MODE OF ATTACKING THE DEER—THE HUNTING SEASON—A LOVE OF ADVENTURE—HUNTING AS A PASTIME—A CAUTION.

PERHAPS after all the experience I have had in the wild woods and with the beasts that inhabit them, I can give some amateur sportsman a little information in regard to hunting, they do not already understand. If but a single one is benefited by my experience and the few suggestions I shall give, my object will have been attained.

There are a few suggestions in regard to deer which may sometimes be made quite available. The time to commence deer hunting is not until after the leaves begin to fall. The deer is then what hunters call the short blue. I go into the woods at this time and commence hunting very slowly, with a deer just as he looks in the

forest, fully pictured in my imagination, and when I see one, I stop instantly and never try to creep any closer, but shoot just where I am, for ten chances to one if you attempt to get nearer, you will soon find yourself further away. If I saw one walking along, then I would walk when it walked, and stop when it stopped, and keep following it in this manner until close enough to shoot. But if I saw it give the least sign that it either saw, or heard, or smelled me, then I would shoot, hit or miss, for then the chances are not likely to become more favorable, soon. When a deer just hears you he will run apiece and then stop and listen, very frequently he will stop within shooting distance. Sometimes they will run entirely out of sight, then they will stop and snort like a horse. Then I mimic them, standing perfectly still, and they will come to me, thinking they have heard a deer. In hunting, I always hold myself in readiness to shoot at a moment's warning.

When there are several together and I shoot one, the rest will all run, then I station myself within shooting distance of the place where the other fell, and watch. After awhile the others will return to see what has become of the missing deer. Then I shoot again, and often kill quite a number in this manner from a single stand-point.

Another way of finding them, is to go where they have run-ways, where they cross ridges, or

streams, or roads, and sit down and wait for them. Often more can be killed in a day in this way without traveling a single mile, than by traversing the woods constantly all day in search of them. The deer is a very timid animal, and very quick to hear the slightest sound, and will detect your footsteps in the brush much quicker than you can theirs, and after they see or hear you once, the chances for catching them are small.

In the winter, when the snow is on the ground, I sometimes take a horse and attach a small bell to his neck, and start into the woods. When I find deer, I immediately leave the track and go off to one side, keeping the horse between myself and the deer until I come in sight of them. Then I stop behind the horse and shoot. I never ride when following a deer.

The deer have places in the woods where they go to lick, which hunters call deer-licks. There we go and make a scaffold up in the trees about fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground. Here we secrete ourselves until the deer come to drink, when we shoot them. It most frequently happens that they will come in the night, then we have candles that we fasten on the front of our hats, so that the light will fall on the sites of our guns, and then we can shoot as well as by daylight.

These few suggestions in regard to deer, may be of use to some of my young friends if followed out, and although I want to see you successful

when you do hunt, yet I cannot advise any of you to follow hunting as a business, or depend upon it as a means of maintenance. I know that the love of adventure is innate among men, and there probably is no other sport in the world so fascinating, and at the same time so healthful and innocent, as hunting, and if indulged in merely as a sport, where too much precious time is not squandered, it is an amusement commendable; but as a business, it is assuredly rather trifling. As a general thing the laboring man grows rich, while the hunter almost invariably remains poor; besides denying to his children the advantages of education, and failing to bring them up familiar with those regular habits of industry so essential to future usefulness and prosperity. The writer of this hasty sketch, has in some respects, been more fortunate than most hunters. Perhaps the reason is, most men who once acquire a passion for hunting will never follow anything else; but are like the Irishman who if he liked the business of making sugar, was going to follow it all the year. Well, now, hunting is like sugar making, only good in certain seasons, and the man who would make money by it, must pursue his business diligently during the proper season, and then have something definite and profitable to fill up the rest of the year.

I usually commenced my hunting in November and continued it until March; and from March

until November I labored assiduously, either in clearing up my farm or raising the various products of the soil. In this way I have supported a large family and accumulated a little besides. I have never been in the habit of hiring anything done that I could reasonably do myself. Stormy days and long evenings, I have done my family shoemaking, and my own blacksmithing. I still hunt enough to supply my family most of the time with meat that I regard more wholesome than pork, and keep a fishing seine wherewith we are usually supplied with abundance of fresh fish. I am, from experience and observation, much opposed to the use of pork as food, though I have never yet entirely banished it from my table; but am persuaded that it is not suitable food for man. My oldest son is rather in advance of me on these questions of reform. He will not allow it to be used in his family at all, and uses no stronger drink upon his table than cold water.

As regards meat, I think there is no meat better, and at the same time equally healthful and free from all injurious effects, than venison. And I think it worth every man's time, that has a family, to kill a few deer every winter for meat, as wild turkeys and many kinds of wild meat are more wholesome than tame.

In connection with what I have already said in regard to hunting as a source of profit, I will only add that every trade or kind of business is good

RIVER'S SOURCE.

in its proper place. But for the hunter, the farmer in the new country would never raise his crops; and but for the farmer, the hunter and mechanic would famish for bread. They mutually benefit each other. But to the ambitious young man who is anxious to husband his time, so as to make it of most account in laying up a store of riches, honest, persevering industry is much more likely to secure for you such an end, than any other means you can ever adopt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SKETCH OF THE MAUMEE VALLEY—A CONTRAST—THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE IN THE STATE—DESCRIPTION OF NAPOLEON, HENRY COUNTY, OHIO—A BLIGHT.

As we near the close of this imperfect sketch, let us contrast the dense forest and dismal swamps which I have so often referred to in the early part of this work, with the beautiful landscapes and fertile fields of the Maumee valley at the present day. For beauty, fertility, and picturesqe scenery, it cannot be surpassed in the West. The Maumee River, rising in north-western Indiana, at the junction of the Joseph and St. Marys, pursues its graceful, winding course

across north-western Ohio, watering a tract of country unsurpassed in any clime, for beauty, fertility, and natural advantages, and connecting the two important commercial points, Fort Wayne and Toledo. Following along close to the bank of the river, and winding itself into most of its rugged recesses and deep-cut bends, is an immense channel cut for the purpose of navigation. This has been built since my acquaintance with the country, and has been a source of vast wealth and internal importance for more than a quarter of a century. It abounds with innumerable boats and vessels of different descriptions, mostly as yet towed by line. But quite a number have recently been introduced that are propelled by steam. It is not now, as it was a few years ago, used for the transportation of travelers, for in this respect it has been superseded by the erection of railways. Pursuing as nearly as practicable a parallel course with the canal and river, is the Toledo and Wabash rail-road, stretching across a section of country nearly a thousand miles in extent, and connecting the head waters of Lake Erie with the far-off Mississippi; uniting the great metropolis of north-western Ohio with south-western Illinois, at the town of Quincy, and connecting with other roads leading into every section of the United States. I have watched the rise and progress of innumerable enterprises along the circuitous route of the canal and river, and the growth of many

pleasant villages and towns, until the village and town were lost in corporations and city ordinances, and would it had fell to an abler pen than mine to chronicle their excellences. As it is, I will only speak of the one with which I am at present, and have been for several years, most intimately connected:

Napoleon is the county seat of Henry County, and situated mostly upon the left bank of the canal, upon an elevated portion of table-land overlooking a beautiful and well-cultivated section of country, and surrounded by the choicest and most remunerating farming lands. I knew it when but little more than a convenient duck-yard, and it is now the most thrifty and enterprising city on the Maumee. Its rapid growth is no doubt attributable in a great measure to the healthy condition of the two great thoroughfares—the rail-road and the canal; but this alone cannot solve the problem, else all other towns along this important route would have attained an equal growth and importance—whereas there is not from Fort Wayne and Toledo, and indeed in all of north-western Ohio, a town that dare compete with it in rapid growth, improvements, and commercial importance; and these superior attainments can be attributed to nothing else than the superior quality of the land, unless it be the unfailing energy and enterprise of the people.

From the foot of Perry Street, the river is

spanned by a massive bridge of superior architectural construction. This was built in 1860, and stood unmoved before the heavy winds, immense floods and masses of ice, until the spring of 1866, when the unusual weight of ice coming in avalanches from the rapids above, dislocated one of the piers, doing serious injury to the entire structure. But through the vigilance of County Commissioners, and the superior architectural skill of Mr. Ulch, the work of destruction was arrested in time to save the entire bridge. Across the canal are three convenient bridges, the last one having been built at the dictation and expense of our enterprising citizen, Mr. Vocke. On the left bank of the river are two steam grist-mills of huge dimensions, one woolen factory that would be an ornament to any city, a large sash and blind factory, three saw-mills, and a planing establishment. The mechanical arts are carried to a high state of perfection, and the city is rapidly improving in architectural beauty. There is also a flourishing Union School with convenient school buildings.

Nearly every religious denomination has its representation here; but the most flourishing are the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterians, among the protestant, and the most numerous and wealthy are the Roman Catholics. There are two good churches, one owned by the Methodists, the other by the Episcopalians. There is to be a

new church edifice erected the coming summer, by the Presbyterians, and a few miles from the city another is in process of erection by the Disciples, who are both numerous and flourishing, a church having been organized but a few years ago by our enterprising and Christian citizen, Mr. Lemert, at first small and feeble, but now numbering over three hundred members. The Catholics also purpose building a magnificent Cathedral the coming summer. The last year our ambitious and enterprising citizen, Mr. J. A. Stout erected a most magnificent private edifice. Another of our enterprising citizens, Mr. Wm. Sheffield, lately returned from California, has recently opened a bank in our city. The professions in all their departments, medical, legal and clerical, are admirably filled. The fine arts have a fair representation for a country place. There are two papers subservient to the interests of the two parties—both ably edited, and in style and matter, can compete with the ablest in our state.

We, in common sympathy with our sister towns, have to lament that we are cursed with the abiding presence of the demon intemperance. A large number of liquor stores and doggeries still rear their deformed heads in our midst, and pour forth their envenomed draughts to curse the earth. When shall these hell pits be forever closed, these death fountains stanched? For this end let my daily prayers ascend; to accomplish this work,

my latest breath be given. When this great evil shall be effectually overthrown, then and not till then shall I expect to see the millenial morn triumphantly ushered in.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISFORTUNE ATTENDS US—BURNING OF HOUSE AND ALL OUR EFFECTS—WE ARE LEFT SHELTERLESS IN MID-WINTER—ALMOST DISHEARTENED—KINDNESS OF FRIENDS—A TRIBUTE OF THANKS.

IN the year 1861, I was living in Monroe Township, Henry County, Ohio, and was promising to myself once more a few years of comfort; having again entered a new tract of land, and brought it into a condition to support my family, when my prospects were again suddenly blighted. This time it was not the prop that sustained my house that was taken, but my house itself. True this affliction is not to be compared to one I have narrated on a previous occasion; but it did lead me at that time to murmur at what seemed to me the injustice of God. It seemed that whenever I promised to myself peace and comfort, and better days, then the upbraidings of providence would fall upon me most heavily.

I was at that time the owner of a quarter sec-

tion of land, with a very nice two story hewed-log house with framed kitchen, and all liberally supplied with whatever is useful in domestic life. My family numbered thirteen, and the need of house room, warm beds and clothing, was not small. It was mid-winter, and not one of a half-dozen beds was left unappropriated. Morpheus held the entire house-hold securely in his embrace. The first sound slumbers of the night were unbroken. We had all eaten a plentiful supper, and laid down to quiet, peaceful rest, having warmed ourselves by the fire that had for many years been such a true and faithful servant. Little dreamed we that it was about to usurp such uncontrollable power over us. But when we awoke, it encompassed us in one sheet of flame. At such a time, thinking and acting are simultaneous. I was the first one to awake, and it required less time to examine every bed and arouse the sleeping ones, than it takes me to write it. Entering the chamber, which was by this time a sea of flame and smoke, I found three of my sons still fast asleep. Many of the family were slightly injured by the flames, and one fatally. When our personal safety was secured, our next recollection was that we were almost garmentless, every article of clothing, except such as we wore from our beds, having perished in the flames. But kind neighbors and friends very soon attended to our wants in this respect, and we were

before morning all supplied with temporary homes.

To such of my readers as have never experienced a similar misfortune, it will be impossible for me to paint the emotions of that hour. Few of us know how strongly we are attached to earth, until some ruthless hand removes our possessions. To see the labors of a lifetime consumed in one hour, your children's bread, food for the devouring element—the relics of by-gone years, and the treasures of a household, all lie in mouldering ruins beneath your feet; if there remains one root of bitterness in the heart, it will at such a time spring up and bring forth evil fruit.

I was for a time so thoroughly disheartened, that I knew not where to commence. My grain for the coming year, and meat that was to sustain my family, some money, and many things valuable, part for their intrinsic worth, and part for the associations connected with them—all formed one common ruin. A letter was sent to my brethren at Gilboa, and in less than a week, a mammouth sleigh with provisions and clothing of every description was sent for our relief. This revived my courage and I went to work; and four weeks from the night our house burned, we lodged in a new one of very comfortable dimensions.

The exposures of that eventful night cost my wife a year of ill health, and the life of one of my children. But we are very thankful that nothing more valuable than earthly goods were yielded

to the devouring flames, and should this ever meet the eye of any of my friends from Gilboa, or others who so generously contributed to our relief in that time of extreme necessity, they will please accept our most earnest thanks for the invaluable services rendered to our temporal wants, and ever believe that this act of Christian charity forms a bright link in the chain of recollections, around which the memory will ever linger.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN EVIL HABIT—HOW I OVERCAME IT—THE USE OF TOBACCO A SIN AGAINST NATURE—ITS EFFECTS PHYSIOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

FOR more than thirty-five years I was the slave to that pernicious, sinful, degrading habit—chewing tobacco.—When a lad, but fifteen years of age, I adopted this practice. I probably should not have become a man so soon by several years, had I not profited so wisely by the example of my seniors. But my impulses of gratitude are not overwhelming for the lesson they have taught. Nay, pity the aged sire, who, with all the experience and wisdom of years, can unite the stupidity of the barbarian with the sagacity of age, in giving character and dignity to such a vice. To my Christian readers let me say, I doubt very much

your ever entering Heaven with the stain of tobacco upon your garments. I do not believe any one will dispute that it is a sinful practice, and although we sin daily, and God doth, and will, forgive the thoughtless, impulsive transgressions of our daily life, I do not believe he ever will forgive the deliberate, persistent sin of a lifetime, unless repented of and abandoned.

Just as soon could I unite myself with a Christian church that tolerated the use of ardent spirits as a beverage, as with one that looks complacently on the great sin of indulging the appetite in the use of tobacco. I look upon these indulgences as one and the same thing. It is the fostering of an appetite never planted by our Creator in our natural being; but only acquired by constant practice. At first, there is not an element of our physical organization that does not rebel against it. Who has forgotten the deathlike pallor and cold clammy sweats that accompanied the first cigar? And who has failed to discover the gradual transformation our systems have undergone during the few brief years we have indulged in the evil practice. How gradually and surely has the bloom of youth faded into the sallow, sickly complexion of tobacco, until the victim is metamorphosed into a being of which the principal element is tobacco itself. In a religious point of view, I have said I believed it the same in substance, as intoxication of any other character

Each is the indulgence of an appetite at once ruinous and sinful. True its effects are not so immediate and violent; yet they have a slow and steady tendency downward, and whatever degrades the man, is Antichristian; for the tendencies of Christianity are elevating, refining, and ennobling.

There are two views to be taken of all human transactions, one the motive that prompts the act, the other the effect which such an action will produce. In regard to the latter of these views, we freely admit that the immediate effects of alcoholic liquors are more destructive to human life and happiness, than the use of tobacco. But judging from the other view, we believe that each are alike sinful; and we do believe that this is the light in which God will judge all our hearts. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Where is the distinction in regard to the motive that prompts to either; each are but the indulgence of an unnatural, morbid, sinful appetite; and in the sight of the great God who discerneth the secret thoughts and intents of the heart, I have not a doubt that each will be regarded equally sinful and reprehensible. I am happy to be united in church relation with a people who renounce this sin. A people who do not believe a person can be a Christian until the whole being, morally, socially, and physically, has been consecrated to

the work. Regarding it physiologically, it has been clearly demonstrated that tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the brain, the stomach, and in short, the entire system. A single drop of the oil of tobacco will instantaneously destroy the life of a cat, and there is not a beast on the face of the earth that will partake of it as food.

In the use of tobacco for thirty-five years, you may reasonably judge that my system had become pretty thoroughly metamorphosed, and the breaking of such a powerful habit was not effected without a struggle. In my own strength alone I never could have effected such a reformation; but when I came to regard it as a sin, and a part of the sacrifice that I must make if I would be a Christian, one of the ways in which the lusts of the flesh were to be overcome, I went to a Throne of grace, and sought in prayer, strength to overcome this besetment. I found that the same grace that had enabled me to triumph over other sins, was sufficient for this; and I now not only feel no inclination to indulge the habit, but a positive aversion to ever touching, tasting, or smelling the filthy weed. It is as actually offensive to me now as though I had never loved it in my life.

I am now an old man, and the father of eighteen children, but not one of them uses the obnoxious weed. Have raised five sons to manhood, and you will pardon me for feeling a father's pride, in saying that they are decided temperance men

both in eating and drinking—that they have no such habits as card-playing, &c., which are so common at the present day. Two of this number have sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar. The others still live to serve their country in a no less important manner; and though they may never be distinguished for any prouder conquest, my prayer is that they may be ever known as men who have achieved, and can maintain a perfect triumph over that most dangerous foe to human kind—the appetite.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EMBRACE THE DOCTRINE OF SPIRITUALISM—FIND MYSELF TO BE A MEDIUM—POSSESSED OF THE SPIRIT OF SAMSON—POWERFUL MANIFESTATIONS—BECOME A WRITING MEDIUM—BECOME DISGUSTED WITH THE SPIRITS.

IN the year 1855 I became acquainted with the doctrine and practices of Spiritualism; and from my inability to comprehend the mysterious manifestations, was led to believe it the wonderful power of God. I soon found myself to be one of the most powerful mediums in our country, and practiced the art both publicly and privately for about three years. During this time I attended church with the Disciples, and had frequent controversies with different ministers, on the subject of Spiritualism. They often advised me to forsake the practice, telling me they believed it to be the works of darkness. But they did not effectually point me to the Scriptures, and therefore I was willing to believe.

I was brought into the faith and practice of Spiritualism just as people usually are into any evil habit—by degrees. I commenced first with the rappings and tippings, and from this to the writing. And although I did not believe very firmly at first, I at length became confirmed in

the faith that it was of God;—for they gave good advice, and surely no good ever came of evil. I did not remember then that wolves sometimes appear in sheep's clothing. My first lesson in Spiritualism was in sitting around a table surrounded by several friends, who were operating with the spirits. Upon being asked who of the company were mediums, the spirit answered by raps, that I was one. I accordingly took the position of master of ceremonies for the evening; and many wonderful manifestations of power were shown before its close.

Some days after this, I was practicing in a room alone. I asked the spirit if it would send me the spirit of my wife. It answered in the affirmative, and I was soon made aware of the presence of a new spirit.—I was at this time known as a writing medium.—She wrote her full name with distinctness. I asked her where she was, and will now give you the various answers to my questions in precisely the same language she gave them to me. She said she was in a place of deposit awaiting the resurrection. I then asked her if she could explain to me the means by which spirits could communicate with the living. She replied she could. I told her to proceed. The pen started and wrote as follows:

"In the beginning God made the heaven and the earth, and made man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed the breath of life into him.

And when he breathed the breath of life into him, he breathed also a portion of electricity into him, and when man died, he returned to the earth from whence he was taken, and the electricity returned to the air from whence it came; and living souls breathing that electricity that flowed from the dead, brought the living in connection with the dead."

I now thought I was in possession of all the knowledge that I wanted, I could now unravel to the world the great mystery that had confounded the most learned. I need no longer walk in darkness, for I had found the key of knowledge. But I had not yet fully learned to measure everything by the law and the testimony. But with much self-assurance I commenced showing to the world the wonderful works that I could do.

At one time I went in company with a brother to a place somewhat distant, to purchase cattle. Some time was spent in making the bargain, and we were invited to dinner. The gentleman with whom we were dealing was an extensive farmer, and a number of workmen were present at the dinner-table. At that time, Spiritualism was the chief subject of conversation, and seldom two strangers met for an hour without referring to this important topic. It was introduced on this occasion, and my brother at length told them that I was a medium; but our honorable host very decidedly expressed his want of faith in the matter;

said he did not believe in the manifestations, to say nothing of the truth of the matter, that he did not believe that such things were ever done as people said were. And if the people who said these things were so, really believed what they were saying, it was only some optical illusion, or magician's artifice, that had deceived them.

However when we had finished our meal and tipped back our chairs, he addressed himself to me and said, "Now if you can perform these great wonders whereof you speak, I want that you should call the spirits, and tip over this table, and break these dishes all to smash, and then perhaps I may believe." I told him I did not wish to do so rash an act as that, but thought I could satisfy him by gentler means. No, he said, nothing but the most powerful evidences could convince him, and when the dishes were broken he was able to buy more. I told him that after partaking of his hospitality I could not, nor would not do so rude a thing as to destroy his dishes; but to convince him that I could, I would give them a terrible shaking. So I rolled up my sleeves that they might watch carefully all the movements of the muscles, and satisfy themselves there was no secret agency employed in the matter. I then carefully laid my hands upon the table and invoked the spirit. It came. I asked it if it could raise the table for me. It replied it could not. I asked it why. It answered it was not strong

enough. I inquired if it could send me the spirit of Samson. It said it would. I could always tell when Samson had come, by the powerful sensation experienced in my arms. I ordered it to raise the table, which it did immediately, about four inches, bringing it down with a terrible crash, causing a great overturn among the dishes. The women all turned pale and shrieked with fright, and even the strong-minded man said, It is enough.

At another time, when writing a letter to a friend, the spirits would every few lines write something not connected with the subject. I found after considerable experience, there was no dependence to be placed in anything it said, for it would as frequently tell that which was perfectly false, as it would tell the truth. I became disgusted with the business and determined to discover what it was that had wielded so powerful an influence over me. I went to the Bible for testimony. I found there that "the living know that they must die, but the dead know not anything." Also, "His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth, in that very day his thoughts perish." Besides much other testimony, clearly proving to me that I had not been holding any intercourse with the departed saints, but with devils. When once satisfied that it was the spirit of Antichrist which goes forth into the world, I determined never more to meddle with it. I

could give a great deal more testimony against this false doctrine, and reasons why I forsook it, but lest you charge me with sectarian prejudices, I will forbear further comment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE—UNITE WITH THE CAMPBELLITES—MEET WITH OPPOSITION—PEACE RESTORED.

IN presenting the world with my autobiography, I cannot overleap so important a point as my own personal experience in the Christian religion. It is no part of my design or desire, that this work should savor in the least of sectarianism; nor would I offend against the most liberal or most bigoted of my readers, by presenting them with views peculiarly my own, on a subject of such general interest, that every one of understanding is supposed to be fully established in his own mind as regards his duty, faith, or practice. But in giving in brief a few reasons for the hope that I have, and the faith I endeavor to practice, I shall trust to the liberality of the intelligent reader to forbear all such unjust charges.

As I told you in an early part of this history, my father died when I was very young, and my mother, of the Methodist persuasion herself, al-

lowed her children to grow up without being very thoroughly indoctrinated in any of the principles of Christianity. As I have shown, I was a wild boy, and from the inconsistencies of most of the theories in which I was early instructed, I became, when quite young, a follower of Pyrrho in his doctrine "that universal doubt is the only true wisdom." Whenever anything new was presented to my mind, instead of believing, as many do, in all new doctrines, I always doubted the real truth of everything pertaining to the doctrines of Christianity, until I became a full-grown man, and was then lulled into carnal security by the precarious faith of Universalism. I did not come into this belief by hearing it preached often, or talked much, but as I have said before, I was a natural skeptic. I did not believe anything, and did not want to believe anything, and was determined that I never would be deluded into what I then verily believed gross superstition. When I looked upon the Catholic counting his beads, or saying mass, and then upon the Protestant in the act of devotion, they each appeared to me like the practical workings of superstition and ignorance, and the one bore as distinct marks of intelligence as the other, only the former faith was more grand and imposing in its ceremonies than the latter; and had I been, by the natural heart, led to accept of either plan of salvation, it would most certainly have been the first.

But our heavenly Father in sending forth his Spirit, that is to go into all the world, and try every man's faith, proving of what sort it is, did not pass me by. I could not misunderstand the voice, "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open unto me, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me." But I said to the Spirit, "Go thy way." Still I could not free myself from the conviction that I ought to be a Christian,—and the forebodings of a terrible retribution to come—until I pacified my troubled conscience with the doctrine that "God delighted not in the death of any, but would that all men should be saved," and construed it into meaning that all men would be saved, and I believe that the Holy Spirit did take me at my word, and left me entirely for a season. I felt no longer troubled on account of sin, but relying firmly on my newly-found doctrine, pursued for some time, without remorse, the various sinful pleasures which the unregenerate heart will ever seek after. I was a little ambitious of being thought intelligent, and a man of understanding, and accordingly on many occasions endeavored to prove my knowledge by defending the faith I had so recently embraced. Whether or not I showed a great deal of intelligence in these controversies, I will leave those who heard them to judge; but I am now satisfied that they were without understanding.

In the year 1841, I became acquainted with a young Disciple minister. I was perfectly satisfied of the superiority of my views over his, and very confidently challenged him to debate. I soon found that I was very much like a man who has continued to sleep until long after the sun has gilded the heavens—and then because he is unwilling to open his eyes, declares it is still dark. My mind was still shrouded in darkness, because I had never come to the true light that I might see. I needed but that some one should open my eyes, to convince me that the light of truth was now shining in noon-day splendor. When he arranged before me in due order the various plain and simple truths of the Scriptures, which I had never read for myself, and showed me their perfect concord one with the other, I felt that "I no longer saw through a glass darkly," but learned that the path was so plain, "that the wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein." I was perfectly satisfied now of the truths of the gospel, and that my duty was to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins. But there was strongly rooted in my heart the prejudice I had ever felt toward such a humiliating course. I regarded the Christian man as weak-minded and effeminate, yielding to fears he had not the courage to overcome, and weaknesses he had not the strength to rise above; and while in my heart I pitied such a man, I as really despised him. And now should

I, who had boasted of my ability to sustain myself above all such weaknesses, make an example of myself? expose myself to the derision of a scornful world by tamely yielding to this hallucination? No; I would overcome. I would once more cast off the unwelcome yoke.

For awhile this resolution was kept. But I could find no peace to my troubled conscience, only in obedience. When I became fully persuaded to walk in the path of duty, and made my intentions known to my family, I found there were still stronger hindrances in the way than any I had had to overcome. Should I unite myself with the then unpopular and despised sect called Campbellites, it would occasion domestic dissensions—such as no man with a family that he loves ever desires to meet. My wife had been raised a Lutheran and was fully persuaded in her own mind that that was the only true and right way. And any course different from that was not to be thought of, much less indulged in. But the more I investigated and reflected, the more my duty became apparent, and I resolved to obey the dictates of reason and revelation, and leave the event with Him for whom alone I had ventured all My wife now felt that true Christian rules and usages had been outraged; that I had not regarded her preferences and interests in the matter, and there evidently was a great gulf formed between us, which no amount of reasoning or for-

bearance on my part could ever bridge. We were daily growing further and further apart, until there appeared the almost certain prospect of an entire separation. Because on one subject there was difference of opinion, it seemed there could be no sympathy on any. But when this state of feeling had about reached its height, the Holy Spirit found access to her heart; and by its enlightening and sanctifying power, we were enabled to see the great error in which we had been involved, and by its saving influence we were soon brought into one fold. After this there was no more war of household, no more unhappy differences of opinion, we walked together in the unity of the spirit and bonds of peace. I lived in the full fellowship of this doctrine, until the year 1858, when I heard the proclamation of the third angel's message, I did not renounce my former faith, but only added to faith knowledge, and have since been endeavoring to walk in obedience to the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus Christ.